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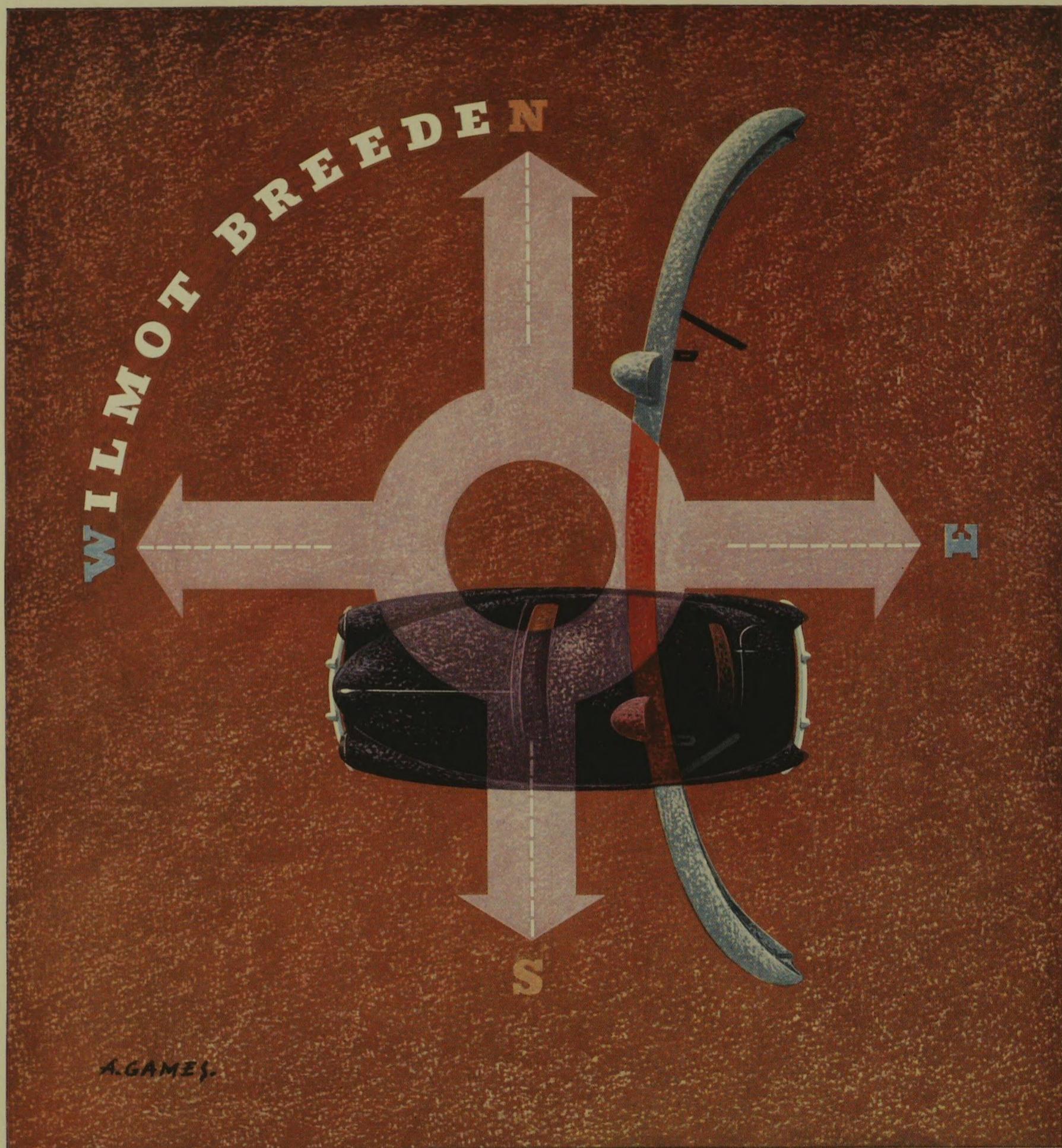
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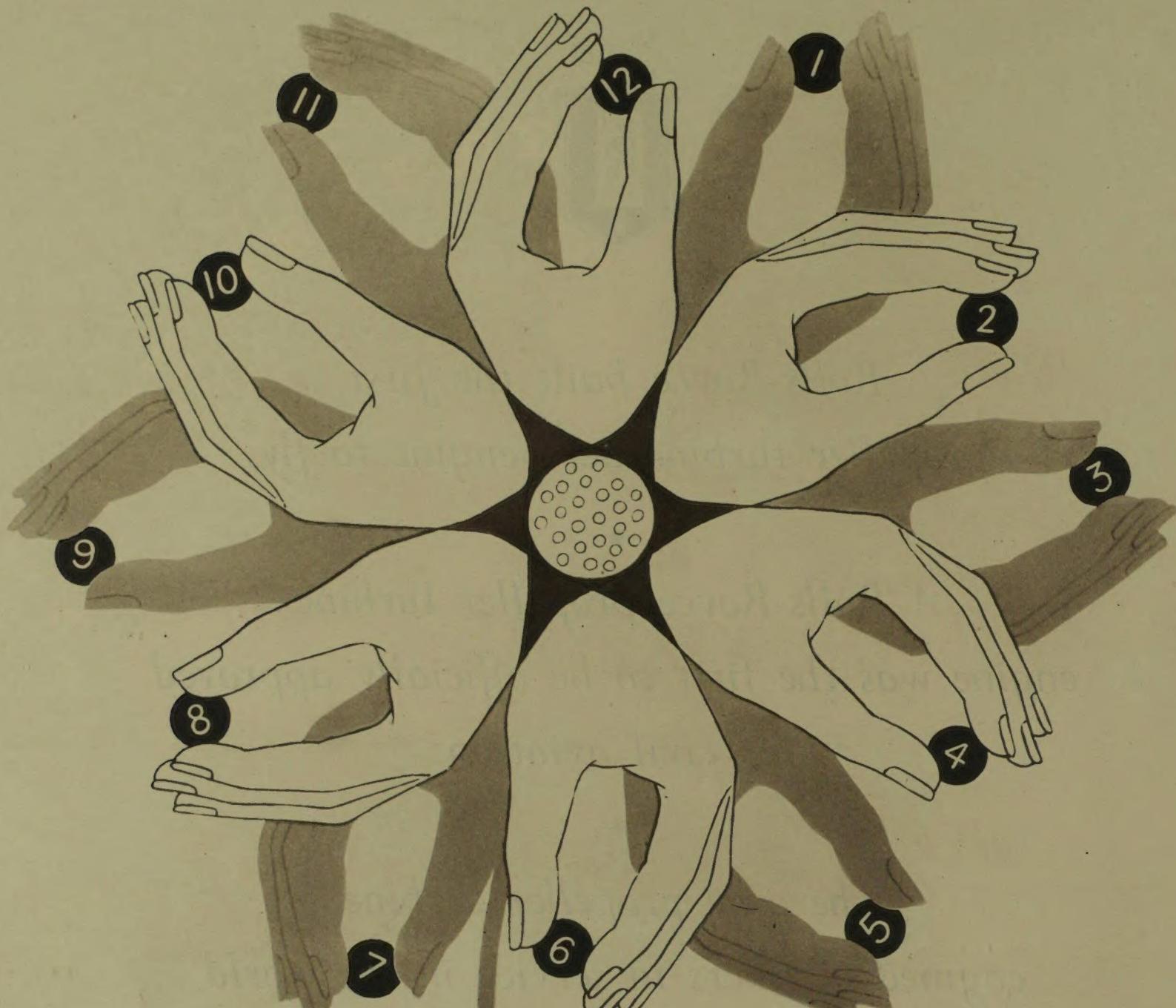
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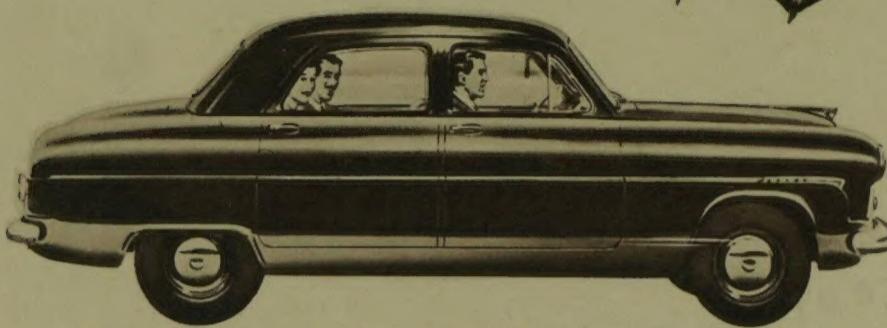
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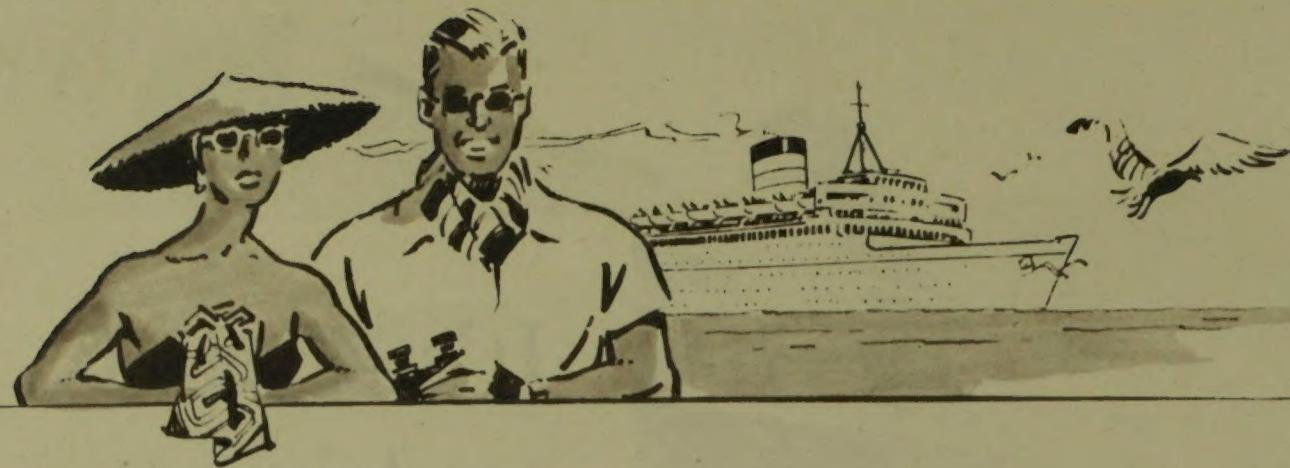
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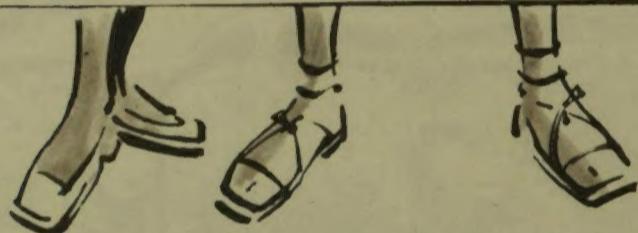
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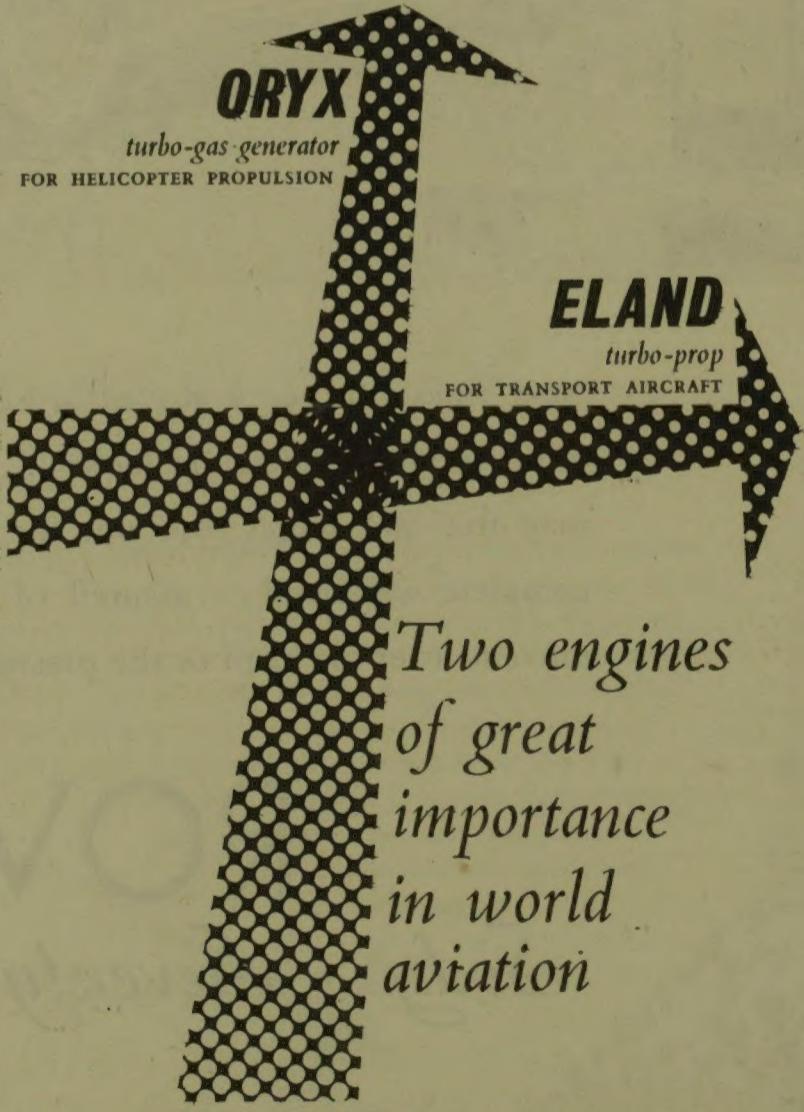


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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1955.



A WARNING TO SCIENTISTS: SIR ROBERT ROBINSON DELIVERING HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS AT THE 117TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The 117th annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science opened at Bristol on August 31, with the Presidential Address of Sir Robert Robinson, O.M., F.R.S. The subject of the address was "Science and the Scientist," and in the printed (though not in the spoken) version of the address, Sir Robert referred to the conceivable possibility of "setting fire to the lighter elements . . . if nuclear relay is taken to further stages." "Do we really know enough," he asked, "about nuclear reactions to be sure there is no loophole? Has every conceivable case been considered? The physicists appear to be cocksure that this is so; they claim the 100 per cent." At the meeting of the general committee, Sir Raymond Priestley, the geologist, was elected President for 1956.

Our photograph shows: (Standing, centre) Sir Robert Robinson; (seated, front row, left to right) the City Treasurer, the Town Clerk and the Sheriff of Bristol, Lord Adrian (the immediate Past-President) and the Lord Mayor of Bristol, Sir Philip Morris (Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bristol), Sir Arthur Hobhouse, Sir Robert Sinclair, Professor Beare, Sir R. Verdon Smith, Professor N. F. Mott; (seated, second row, l. to r.) Sir Richard Southwell, Sir John Russell (Past President), Sir Henry Dale (Past President), Sir Raymond Priestley (President-elect for 1956), Sir Henry Tizard (Past President), Mr. M. G. Bennett, Dr. G. Taylor, Dr. E. Hindle, Dr. H. G. Tanner, Professor H. D. F. Kitto, Professor A. R. Collar, Mr. H. C. Butterfield and Mr. Forrest.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE generation born in Britain during the last quarter of the nineteenth century was destined to have a *rendezvous* with Fate. No generation in any age or country was ever born into a quieter and more secure time and place. It inherited, as though it were something eternally ordained, the peaceful England of "Alice in Wonderland" and the "Water Babies," of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas and the Pre-Raphaelite painters, of the quiet Thames water-meadows and Hardy's Wessex, of the Victorian Court, the long, lush premierships of Disraeli, Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and the great Sunday morning parades of rank and fashion in Hyde Park. It was an inheritance of wealth and established empire, of settled law and religion and, above all, of peace such as the world had never known. Guarding it, and the great conception of ordered freedom and liberal progress in which the age believed, was the Royal Navy, invincible guardian of the *Pax Britannica* and free trade, and capable of taking on and beating the fleets of all the world.

Before that generation lay a strange fate. Before the oldest of its members were in their forties and while the youngest were still in their teens, they were to be thrown into the slaughter, thunder and mud of the most terrible war mankind had known, and those who survived it were to experience in their middle or later years another war even longer and more terrible. As a result of those wars they were to pass, too, through a social revolution which, though bloodless—for its scene was temperate Britain—was to transform almost out of all recognition the world into which they had been born.

Yet the men of that generation proved worthy of their destiny. They gave to Britain in her hour of need some of the greatest in her long annals, especially in the fighting Services. The most illustrious of them all was Winston Churchill. They gave her the greatest British soldier since Wellington and the greatest British sailor since Nelson—Alanbrooke and Andrew Cunningham. Among them were Montgomery of Alamein—a name that will probably live as long as our history—Wavell, Dill, Alexander, Gort, Slim, and O'Connor among soldiers; William Fisher, Tovey, Somerville, Fraser, Pound, Max Horton—the great admiral, little known to the general public, who refused the highest command a sailor can be given and who won the Battle of the Atlantic—Noble, Vian, Syfret, Walker, the hunter of U-boats—among the sailors; the founders of the Royal Air Force (Trenchard, the greatest of them all, was born just before the beginning of this germinating quarter of a century) and its leaders in the war that established its enduring place in history—Dowding, Portal, Harris, Park, Tedder, Coningham, Barratt, Slessor, and many more. And when one thinks how many of that generation were killed in their prime or youth in the long agony of the trenches in the First German War, one marvels all the more at its astonishing wealth of genius and character. Among those who fell in that war was a whole galaxy of brilliant young poets, temporarily forgotten but who, when the passing fashions of our age have been succeeded by others, will take their place among the lyrical poets of our race—Rupert Brooke and Julian Grenfell, Edward Wyndham Tenant, Charles Hamilton Sorley and Wilfred Owen, and among those who survived the slaughter, Robert Nichols and Siegfried Sassoon. This remarkable generation included also the men who, following Elgar and Parry, made the twentieth-century renaissance in English music—Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst, Butterworth (who fell in the First War), William Walton and Peter Warlock. And the names it has given to art and science are, if possible, even more illustrious.

Many of these great men are still among us. One of them, whose name, if not familiar to the man who reads the daily newspaper, is honoured by every soldier, is General Sir Bernard Paget, the Governor of Chelsea Hospital. During the present month he reaches a milestone in his long and distinguished career with the end of his nine years' tenure of the Colonelcy of his old regiment, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry—perhaps the

most famous of all the surviving regiments of the British Line, the corps that struck the decisive blow at Waterloo, that stormed the Delhi Gate under John Nicholson and whose fame is imperishably associated with the story of the *Birkenhead*. It is a regiment—the joint-inheritor of the traditions and history of the 43rd and the 52nd Light Infantry—that shares with the Rifle Brigade the honour of representing the great revolutionary principle of military training and discipline first formulated in the early nineteenth century by Sir John Moore. These regiments were trained by Moore at Shorncliffe in a system that seemed at the time a complete repudiation of accepted military theories but which in fact reverted to an eternal and natural law lying at the root of all military success: namely, that battles are won by men and that the finest training for battle must be that which evokes the fullest possible measure of willing co-operation and vitality in the men it trains. It was a system that sought to evoke all the highest qualities of man as an individual to make a fighting-unit composed of intelligent, self-disciplined, contented and, because contented, loyal men. Its fruits were seen in the performance of that wonderful Light Division which, after Moore's death at Corunna, became the core and exemplar of Wellington's Peninsular Army. Its supreme triumph and justification was the performance of the 52nd under Colonel Colborne—Moore's finest pupil—at Waterloo. It was of the 52nd that George Napier wrote that "every officer was a high-minded gentleman and every private a gallant and well-conducted soldier."

It was to that tradition of training that Bernard Paget turned when, after a career of great gallantry in the trenches in the First War and of high Staff appointments in the years between the two wars, he found himself called in 1941 to the command of the British Army in this country. At that time Home Forces, as it was termed, was the training-ground and school of all those other armies which later went out from Britain's shores and won, at Alamein, at Tunis, in Sicily and Italy, in Burma, and in France, the Low Countries and Germany, that great series of victories that restored to its highest pinnacle of glory the prestige of the British Army and did so much to ensure the triumph of the Allied Arms. Though himself a strict disciplinarian, Paget's system of training was the negation of everything rigid and stereotyped. Its essence was that nothing should be taught or done that had not a useful and valuable purpose and whose purpose was not made clear to the man called upon to learn or perform it. Faced by the immense power of modern automatic weapons and by an enemy entrenched on a Continent which had to be stormed by the bare bodies of men, Paget helped to show how the mind and spirit of man could find a way round apparently insuperable difficulties. Taught by his own terrible experiences and that of his generation in the great "pushes" of the First World War, he sought a

means, in his own words, "to bridge the gap between the barrage and bayonet" that would avoid the needless slaughter and waste of those earlier holocausts. It is no exaggeration to say that there must be tens of thousands of Britons living to-day who would not have survived the war but for General Paget's principles and methods of training. One saw them at their finest in the great School of Infantry at Barnard Castle where, under his guidance, military training was developed to a point of perfection and inspired common sense that has probably never been equalled in the history of war, and, I am almost tempted to say, of education itself. For like Moore, Paget was, and is, a humanist, one who, loving his fellow men, sees nobility of mind and conduct as the ultimate end of man's existence and who is for ever seeking to enable men to explore and follow the avenues which lead to human ennoblement. It was never given to this good and great man to lead the Army he had trained in action, but his service to his profession and his country will be felt long after he is dead. It is felt to-day in the affection and respect with which he is held by thousands who have served under him and learnt from his teaching to know how much man by his own effort can add to his stature.

TO OUR READERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archaeological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs for publication which show unfamiliar customs of various peoples, their sports, habits and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Photographs of rare animals—birds, beasts, fishes and insects—taken in their habitat are of especial interest.

To archaeologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON News, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

ANIMAL COLLECTING IN BRITISH GUIANA: CAPTURING CAPYBARA.



LURING A CAPYBARA INTO A CAGE : A MAN IN THE CAGE IS OFFERING THE CAPYBARA HALF A JUICY PINEAPPLE, A TEMPTATION THE ANIMAL COULD NOT RESIST. MEANWHILE THE SECOND CAPYBARA IS EATING A BIT OF CASSAVA ROOT GIVEN TO IT BY AN INDIAN WOMAN.

A joint zoological expedition sponsored by the Zoological Society of London and the B.B.C., recently returned to this country from British Guiana. The animals which they found arrived at the London Zoo on August 7, and they have proved to be one of the most interesting collections to be exhibited at Regent's Park for some years. One of the members of the expedition was MR. DAVID ATTENBOROUGH, the B.B.C. Television Talks Producer, who took the photographs shown on this and the following pages, and who has written this interesting account of the expedition for us :

PEOPLE in Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, were rather surprised to discover that though half of our animal-collecting expedition was from the London Zoo, the other half was from the B.B.C. It seemed a rather odd liaison. But, in fact, there were logical reasons for it. Television for many years has shown animals in one of two ways. They have either been exhibited on a table and their anatomy discussed scientifically, or else they have been shown on films in their natural environment. Both these treatments produced excellent programmes, but both had their limitations. On film one was often unable to see many interesting details of the animals, and on the table it was difficult to get any idea of their proper habitat and their natural behaviour. It was a logical development to try and devise a series of programmes which would combine these two approaches. When, therefore, last year the London Zoo proposed



"THE MOST UNUSUAL PETS WE DISCOVERED" : TWO CAPYBARA, PLAYING TOGETHER IN THE RIVER, WATCHED BY THE VILLAGE CHILDREN.
AN AMUSING STORY ABOUT THESE ANIMALS IS TOLD BY MR. ATTENBOROUGH IN HIS ARTICLE.

to send a collecting expedition to West Africa, the B.B.C. Television Service not only arranged to televise the animals when they arrived in England, but also to send a film cameraman and a producer to accompany the expedition.

[Continued overleaf.]



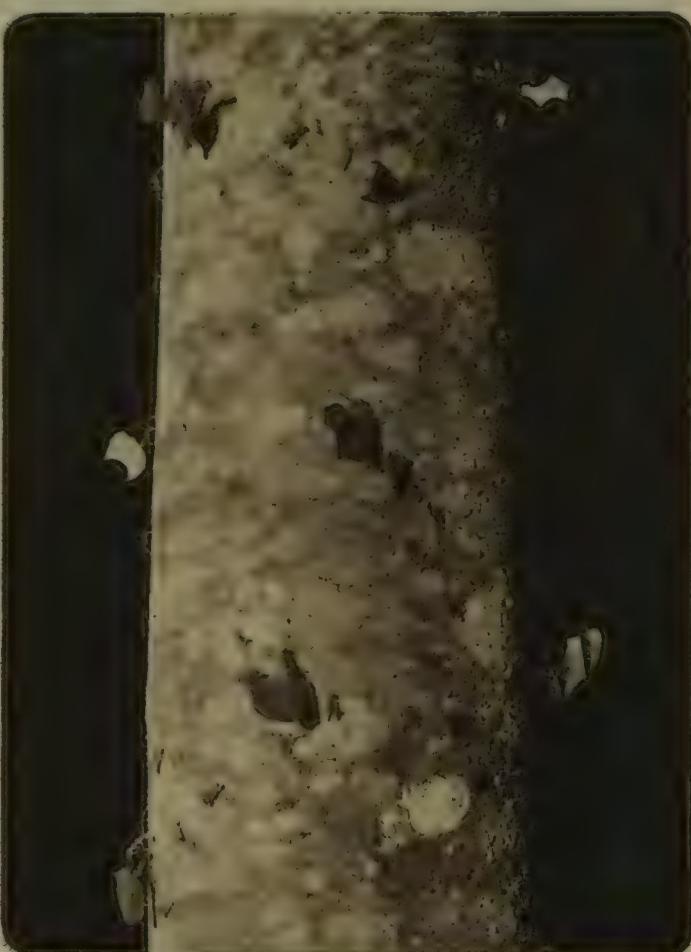
DR. J. W. LESTER (LEFT) WITH MR. EDWARD MCTURK (ONE OF THE EXPEDITION'S HOSTS IN THE SAVANNAHS) WITH A SPECIMEN OF ARAPAIMA (*SUDIS GIDAS*) WHICH THEY CAUGHT IN THE RUPUNUNI RIVER.

Continued.]

On our return the resulting programmes were arranged so that the animal was first seen on film in its natural surroundings in Africa. The last shots of this sequence showed the animal being caught, and then immediately afterwards, viewers were shown television pictures of the same animal alive in the studio in England. In this way we interwove the two types of programmes. The series proved to be a success, and last April a second joint expedition was launched to look for animals in South America. This decided, it was natural for us to choose to go to British Guiana, for not only is it the only British colony in South America, but within its boundaries it includes three very different types of country, and therefore three correspondingly different faunas. The coast is extensively cultivated, with rice paddies and sugar-cane plantations, but there are creatures

[Continued below.]

ANIMAL COLLECTING IN BRITISH GUIANA: A FISH, ANTS, AND TWO TREE-DWELLERS.

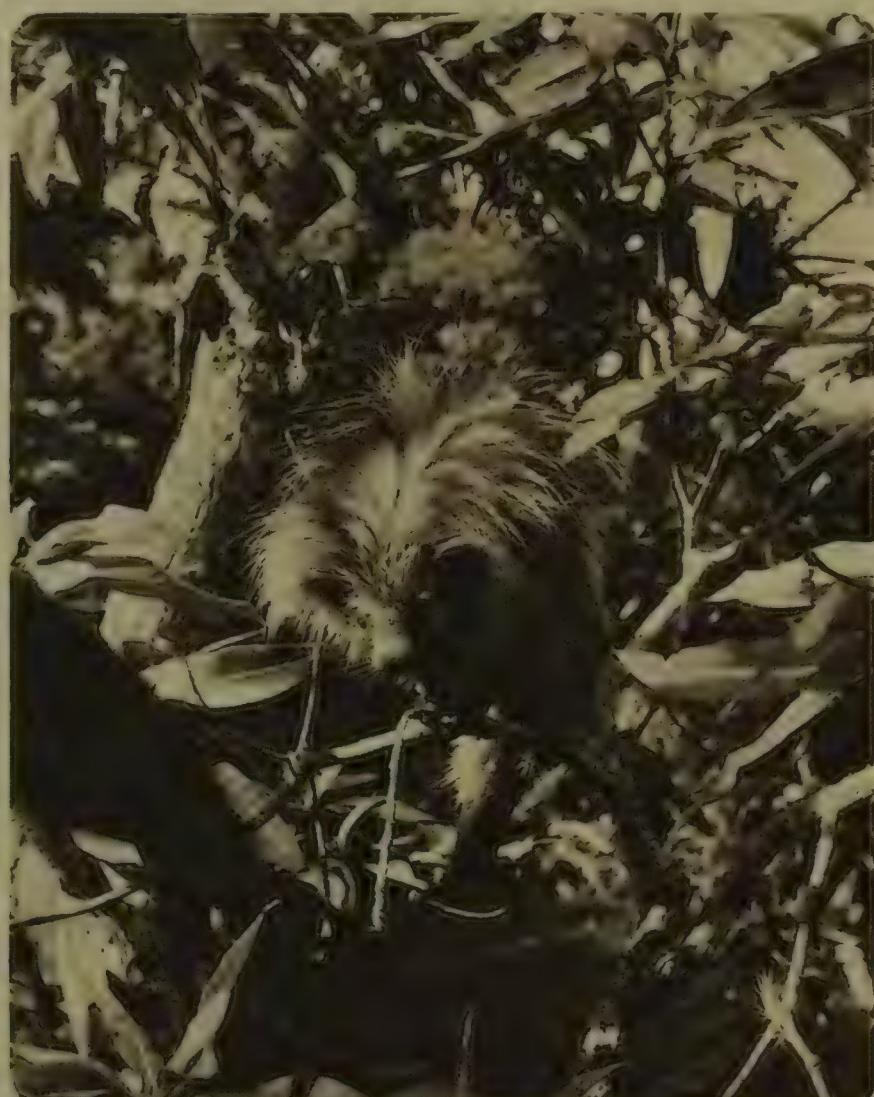


DESCENDING A TREE WITH SECTIONS OF LEAVES WHICH THEY HAVE LABORIOUSLY CUT CLASPED BETWEEN THEIR MANDIBLES: LEAF-CUTTING OR PARASOL¹ ANTS (*ATA SP.*), SEEN IN A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.



ONE OF THE THREE ANT-EATERS OF SOUTH AMERICA: A TREE ANT-EATER (*TAMANDUA*) WHICH IS ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY ARBOREAL AND LIVES UPON ANTS AND TERMITES. THIS SPECIMEN TOOK READILY TO A SUBSTITUTE DIET OF MINCED MEAT, RAW EGG AND CONDENSED MILK, AND IS NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON ZOO.

Continued.] here which are to be found nowhere else in the colony. Two we were particularly interested in—the hoatzin and the manatee. The hoatzin is a bird of peculiar scientific interest, for its young possess claws on their unfledged wings which they use in climbing among the branches above their nests. This characteristic has led many scientists to believe that the hoatzin is one of the most primitive species in the whole bird kingdom and may represent a link between reptiles and the more advanced birds. We also wanted a pair of manatees or sea-cows, for they had not been exhibited in the Zoo since before the war. They are large aquatic mammals which spend their lives browsing under water on weeds which grow in the creeks.



ONE OF THE FEW ANIMALS WHICH HAS A PREHENSILE TAIL WHICH CURLS UPWARDS OVER ITS BACK: A TREE PORCUPINE, ANOTHER OF THE ARBOREAL ANIMALS OF GUIANA. IT SHARES THE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE REST OF THE PORCUPINE FAMILY OF BEING SEEMINGLY A VERY BAD-TEMPERED CREATURE.

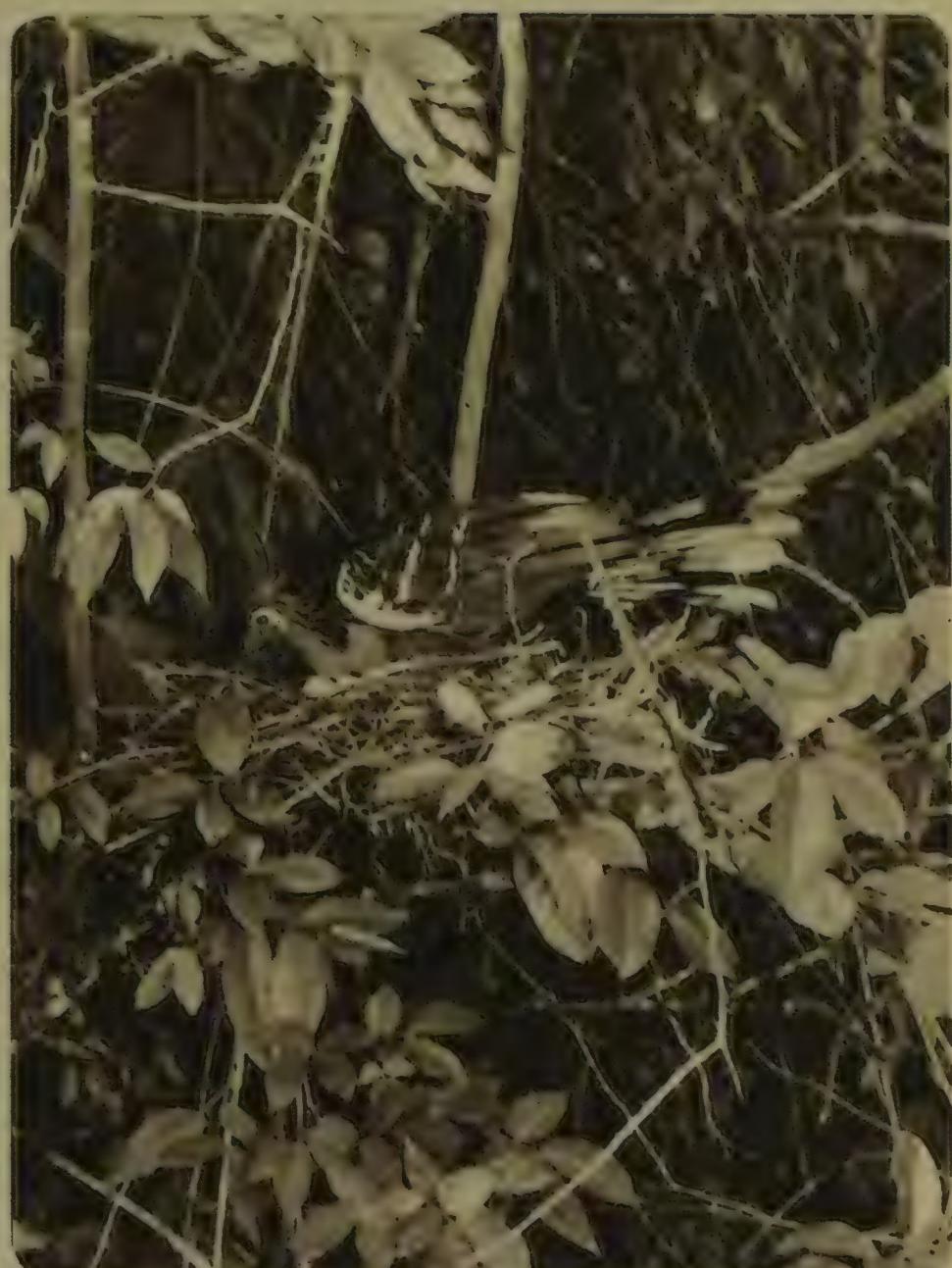
In the south-west are the open savannahs dotted with ant-hills and stunted bushes. The grass here is poor, but, nevertheless, it is cattle-ranching country. One of the characteristic wild animals of this area is the giant ant-eater, a bizarre creature which has not been shown in London for nearly twenty years, and we were, of course, very anxious to catch one. The majority of British Guiana, however, is covered by dense tropical rain forest, and it was here that we spent most of our time. The easiest way to reach the interior is by air, and we, with our photographic and recording apparatus, cages, nets and animal food, boarded an amphibian plane which flew over a hundred miles of forest before coming down on a straight

[Continued on right.]

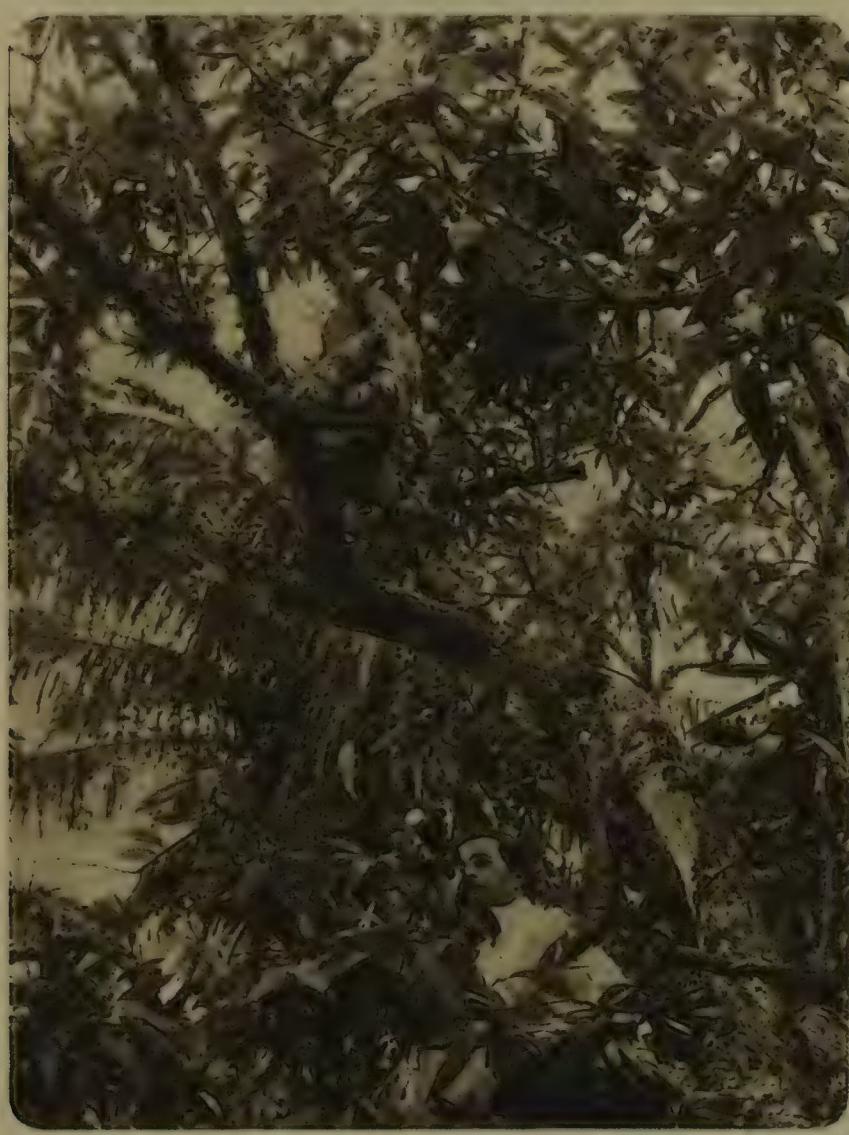
ANIMAL COLLECTING IN BRITISH GUIANA: THE RARE HOATZIN, AND OTHER PRIZES.



MR. CHARLES LAGUS (THE CAMERA MAN) WITH A MATAMATA TURTLE WHICH THE EXPEDITION FOUND IN A SHALLOW LAKE. IT IS CAMOUFLAGED IN A SPECTACULAR WAY AND ITS HEAD, FLATTENED DORSO-VENTRALLY, HAS PECULIAR ELONGATIONS OF SKIN.



A BIRD OF PECULIAR SCIENTIFIC INTEREST: A HOATZIN SETTLED ON ITS NEST IN A BUNDURI BUSH ON THE BANKS OF THE CANJE CREEK, NEAR NEW AMSTERDAM. THE BIRD IS THE SIZE OF A CHICKEN, AND HAS HANDSOME CHESTNUT FEATHERS BARRED WITH CREAM.



CLIMBING SLOWLY IN A TREE: A THREE-TOED SLOTH BEING FILMED BY MR. C. LAGUS. UNLIKE THE LARGER SPECIES, THE TWO-TOED SLOTH, THIS ANIMAL IS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO KEEP IN CAPTIVITY AND REFUSES TO FEED.

Continued.
locating and catching animals. Furthermore, they have the characteristic, invaluable to a zoological collector, of being inveterate pet-keepers. Every village contained its quota of tame parrots which had been taken from their nests as fledglings. The Indians, like us, prize them for their bright colouring and powers of mimicry,

Continued.]
stretch of the Upper Mazaruni River and landing us right in the centre of one of the most unexplored areas in the colony. We were met by the District Officer and his wife, who are the only Europeans living in the 4500 square miles of the Upper Mazaruni basin. It is his job to administer to the needs of the Akawaio and Aracuna tribesmen living there. He placed at our disposal a large corial or dug-out canoe with a powerful, if somewhat capricious, outboard motor, which was to carry us up most of the tributaries of the Upper Mazaruni in our search for animals. We spent much of our time living in Akawaio Indian villages, and the Indians themselves were not only most hospitable and kind, but they were also of great help in

[Continued on left.]



A THREE-TOED SLOTH WITH ITS YOUNG, TO WHICH IT GAVE BIRTH A WEEK AFTER IT WAS CAUGHT. IT REFUSED TO EAT IN CAPTIVITY AND WAS RELEASED IN THE FOREST SOON AFTER THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN.

and as we entered a village the parrots would scream Akawaio words at us from the eaves of a hut. The majority of them were common Amazon parrots which were of no interest to us, but occasionally we found a bird which we wanted badly. The Indians, however, had similar feelings. They are excellent naturalists and

[Continued overleaf.]

ANIMAL COLLECTING IN BRITISH GUIANA: SOME FASCINATING AND UNUSUAL CAPTIVES.



DR. J. W. LESTER, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, CAPTURING A GIANT ANT-EATER (*MYRMECOPHAGA JUBATA*) ON THE RUPUNUNI SAVANNAHS.

Continued.

fully appreciated the qualities and interest of the more unusual birds and quite justifiably they were much more reluctant to part with these rarer species. But they did not restrict themselves to parrots. Monkeys were quite common, and once we found a peccary or bush pig. But perhaps the most unusual pets we discovered were two capybara, animals like guinea-pigs, but the size of a boar—the largest rodents in the world. They were exceedingly tame and slept in the same hut as the Indian woman who owned them. The capybara, as can be guessed from its webbed feet, is essentially an amphibious animal, and I was anxious to photograph it swimming. Charles Lagus, the cameraman, and I spent an hour or so trying to coax and chase the animals into the river, so that we could film them. Our efforts were watched with amusement by the villagers. The animals refused to come anywhere near the river, so that I began to wonder whether having been reared as pets had made them lose their taste for swimming. At last I went to the old Indian woman and asked her if there was any method that she knew which would persuade the capybara to go for a swim. She laughed and said something in Akawaio to her six-year-old grandson. He grinned, took off

[Continued below, right.]



NOW GROWN INTO A HANDSOME AND UNUSUAL MEMBER OF THE PARROT FAMILY: A PARROT FLEDGLING WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE A HAWK-HEADED CAIQUE.



THE HEAD OF THE MANATEE. ITS TINY EYES ARE ALMOST INVISIBLE AT THE BASE OF A LITTLE DIMPLE ON EACH SIDE OF ITS HEAD. ITS NOSTRILS ARE OPEN HERE, BUT ARE CAPABLE OF BEING CLOSED BY EFFICIENT PLUGS.



LOADING THE MANATEE INTO THE WATER LORRY IN WHICH IT WENT TO GEORGETOWN. IT TRAVELED TO LONDON IN A CANVAS SWIMMING-POOL ON THE DECK OF S.S. ARAKAKA.



CAMOUFLAGED TO RESEMBLE A LEAF: AN UNUSUAL MANTIS WHICH BEARS ON ITS BACK A THIN GREEN SHIELD WHICH MAKES IT ALMOST INVISIBLE WHEN STATIONARY.



WITH WINGS RESEMBLING LEAVES: A KATYDID, A MEMBER OF THE GRASSHOPPER GROUP. NOT ONLY ARE THE WINGS VEINED LIKE LEAVES BUT THEY BEAR REPRODUCTIONS OF MOULD BLOTTCHES. IT IS CAPABLE OF STRONG FLIGHT.

Continued.

his loin-cloth, ran down to the river and dived in. The capybara trotted happily after, squealing with delight, and for the next half-hour the two animals and the little boy, habitual playmates, splashed and swam in the river together for our benefit. There were, however, many animals which the Indians did not regard as suitable creatures to keep as pets, which we wanted for the Zoo. High on this list were snakes, and our helpers made it quite clear that if we wanted any of these we should have to catch them ourselves. Personally, I fully shared this feeling with them, particularly as many of the snakes, notably the fer-de-lance and the bushmaster, have bites as poisonous as any snake in the world. Jack Lester, however, who is Curator of Reptiles at the Zoo, is well-versed in the art of catching snakes, and his exhibitions of skill brought much reflected glory upon the rest of us. At the end of the expedition we had assembled a collection of over a hundred birds, including parrots, macaws, trumpeters, cassowaries, screamers, hoatzin, humming birds and cock of the rock; many insects and reptiles; and a varied collection of mammals, including a tree porcupine, ant-eaters, manatees, monkeys, a tapir and an ocelot. The collection arrived home last month and is now on exhibition at the London Zoo. Many of them, during the next weeks, will be making a much shorter journey to the Television Studios to appear before an even wider public.



(ABOVE)
CRASHING INTO THE SEA,
NARROWLY MISSING AN
R.A.F. LAUNCH : A WHIRL-
WIND HELICOPTER, WHOSE
ENGINE FAILED DURING AN
AIR-SEA RESCUE DEMON-
STRATION OFF SELSEY BILL.

An accident that might well have resulted in tragedy occurred during an air-sea rescue demonstration given by the R.A.F., when a Westland Whirlwind helicopter crashed and sank within three minutes a few miles off Selsey Bill on August 30. The pilot and navigator were able to scramble out of the wreckage and were picked up immediately. They were unhurt. The aircraft had been hovering over a launch, which was carrying a number of Press representatives and R.A.F. personnel, while waiting to take off a stretcher "case" who was lying trussed-up on the after-deck. Suddenly the engine of the helicopter failed and the aircraft at once turned on its side and fell into the sea. The whirling blades of the rotor struck the water and sent spray sweeping over the launch. If the aircraft had fallen with its blades rotating horizontally, they might well have caused many serious casualties among those thronging the deck. The demonstration followed an Air Ministry announcement that it is to increase the number of search and rescue helicopter units stationed



SWIMMING CLEAR OF THE SINKING WRECKAGE OF THE AIRCRAFT, THE PILOT IS HELPED ABOARD AN R.A.F. TENDER. HIS NAVIGATOR IS SEEN STILL IN THE WATER, BETWEEN THE TENDER AND THE LAUNCH. BOTH MEN WERE UNHURT.

around the British Isles to save air crews who crash-land in the sea or bale out over water, and to go to the aid of holidaymakers and yachtsmen in distress.

PART OF THE SECRET OF BEATRIX POTTER'S MAGIC.

"THE ART OF BEATRIX POTTER"; WITH AN APPRECIATION BY ANNE CARROLL MOORE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

FROM 1901—that year saw the first appearance of "Peter Rabbit"—onwards, thirty children's books by Beatrix Potter were published. She must have been one of the most famous authors and illustrators of books for small children who ever lived. Her fame was not confined to the English-speaking world. In an Appendix at the end of this sumptuous new volume there are given lists of translations of her works into other languages—everywhere the books were identical in form with those issued in England. Eight came out in French: "Canétang" was a happy rendering for "Puddle-Duck"; seven appeared in Dutch, amongst them "Twee Stoute Muisjes" ("Two Bad Mice") and "Jemima Puddle-Duck" in the rather formidable guise of "Het Verhaal van Kwakkel Waggel-Eend"; four in Welsh; "Il Coniglio Pierino" in Italian; "Peter Rabbit" in Spanish also; three in Swedish, one in Norwegian, one in Danish, four in Afrikaans and six in German. The titles of the German versions are ponderously Teutonic—the Germans never use one word if two will do—and include "Die Geschichte von den zwei bösen Mäuschen" ("Two Bad Mice") and "Flopsy Bunnies" as "Die Geschichte Der Hasen-familie Plumps." There has, I should say, been no such vogue for nursery books with pictures since "Struwwelpeter."

Into whatever country Beatrix Potter went, her rodent escort went with her, except in Norway and Denmark, one of which preferred "Puddle-Duck" and the other "Tom Kitten." That was quite suitable. For, although opinions may vary as to the relative fascinating qualities of her heroes and heroines, some preferring, for instance, Mrs. Tittlemouse and some Pigling Bland, some Squirrel Nutkin and some Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, the leader in her procession was a rabbit, and several of her later books dealt with rabbits, virtuous or flagitious. But how long her bunnies will retain their predominance is a matter of doubt.

the scientists don't yet seem to be agreed on the point, and may be waiting to see what happens before demonstrating that what happens is what was bound to happen. But suppose that Bunny really does disappear from our fields and woods. He seems to be making a fight, if an uphill fight: one, half-grown, appeared, the first for more than a year, four weeks ago, beneath my study windows; came out of the wood a few yards, looking shy about something, or perhaps everything, but has never appeared since—probably a fox or a stoat has had him. If he does disappear "Peter Rabbit" can scarcely make the same appeal to our

had long been familiar, never dawned on me until a few years ago I read, and reviewed in this place, a "Life" of her. It disclosed many things about her: the fact that she began in circumstances which enabled her to do what she wanted; the fact that she was quiet and secluded; the fact that she married happily, retired to a farm in the Lake District; the fact that she left her house and land to the National Trust—which suggests that there should be a special enclosure for rabbits there. But it did also disclose that, from infancy, she had been a born draughtsman and colourist, and not a "mere" (as though it could be "mere")

to cater for human beings at their most imaginative and impressionable age, which, in all too many of them, is overlaid and forgotten as life goes on) producer of children's books.

This work reinforces that evidence tremendously. Kipling said of the late Lord Roberts: "And he does not advertise." Miss Moore, in her admirable and affectionate introduction to this invaluable, and necessarily expensive, production, tells the story, and draws the portrait, of a woman who did not advertise, and cared more for creation and service than she did for fame. But had Beatrix Potter cared for that, she certainly could have had it.

This book, most lavishly illustrated, reproduces drawings, and coloured drawings, which she made at all periods of her life. Even as a child she produced drawings which Dürer (who drew every hair of a hare, and every vein of a cabbage) would have thought promising; at fourteen she was producing coloured and exact portraits, pictures of carnations and brambles which would adorn any book about botany, and delight any

lover of flowers who prefers their beauty to disquisitions on pistils, stamens, and modes of fertilisation—interesting though these must be to any man curious about the world into which he has been born.

Later, there comes a section of precise drawings of domestic interiors: careful enough to have received (but I suppose they neither of them even saw them) the applause of Frederick Griggs and Muirhead Bone,



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS DESTINED IN AFTER YEARS TO BRING HAPPINESS TO MANY THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD: BEATRIX POTTER IN 1876, AT THE AGE OF NINE.

OUTSIDE HILL TOP FARM, SAWREY: BEATRIX POTTER (MRS. HEELIS) IN ABOUT 1907, WHEN SHE WAS FORTY-ONE. BEATRIX POTTER DIED AT SAWREY, NEAR AMBLESIDE, ON DECEMBER 22, 1943.

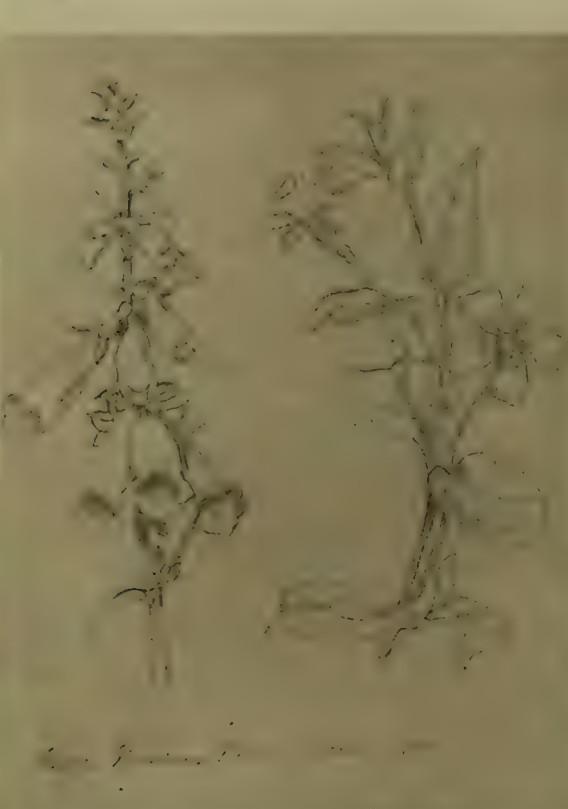
Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Art of Beatrix Potter"; by courtesy of the publisher, Frederick Warne.

grandchildren as he did to us. The link with visible, playing, familiar animals will have been severed. "Peter Rabbit" will have vanished into the dream-world of ogres and giants and witches. He will be more remote and unreal than the little dog who laughed to see such fun, or the cow which jumped over the moon: for the dog at least was a dog, and we keep dogs, and the cow was a cow, and our neighbour the farmer keeps cows, although he isn't allowed to sell us the milk. "Peter Rabbit," if he continues in print, may have to appear in a new series including "Sammy Dinosaur" and "Molly Pterodactyl," with the Tiny Tots inquiring wistfully: "Mummy, was there any weal Bunny Wabbits or is they just pwetend?"

I dare say that the Civil Servants in Whitehall, when they return home and humanise themselves, after issuing leaflets about the best ways of exterminating rodents, read "Peter Rabbit" to their not-yet-pin-striped progeny. Be that as it may;

I am on the side of the Bunnies as Disraeli was on the side of the Angels. If they survive and become too numerous, they can always be kept within reasonable limits by shooting, especially if cartridges for that purpose are issued cheap, as they are for pigeon-shooting. But, even granted acquired immunity and the proverbial fecundity of Peter and his mate, we are a long way from that day.

However, I shouldn't go off on a rabbit-run; the whole intention of this book is to show that Beatrix Potter was not merely an outstanding writer and illustrator of books for babes, but a very remarkable artist of a general kind. That, in spite of the fact that the delicacy and exactitude of her drawing and colouring



DRAWN AND SIGNED BY HELEN BEATRIX POTTER AT THE AGE OF NINE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS: A FLOWER STUDY, DATED FEBRUARY 9, 1876.

The thought crossed my mind last December when I gave a copy of "Peter Rabbit" to a delightful small girl; I suddenly realised that, in a district formerly well populated with rabbits, I hadn't seen one for six months, and that the last I had seen had been flat, on the roads and the fields, distressingly dead. Whether the tribe will obtain immunity against myxomatosis as the South Sea Islanders have obtained from some of the diseases which were amongst our boons to them and felled them in thousands, is a matter of conjecture;



DRAWN BY BEATRIX POTTER WHEN SHE WAS ONLY ELEVEN YEARS AND THREE MONTHS OLD: A LANDSCAPE, DATED OCTOBER, 1877.

both of them very precise draughtsmen. Then there are "Houses, Village Scenes and Landscape." Then there are "Gardens, Plant Studies and Still Life," with sketches of Broad Beans and Onions which are at once utterly truthful and utterly beautiful, like so many of Dürer's drawings. Weasels, Tortoises and Bats she drew with the utmost care and exactitude; producing an effect which no photograph can ever produce. I rather think that the author of "Peter Rabbit" may ultimately stand out as the greatest woman artist who ever lived.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 452 of this issue.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



A DISTINGUISHED DOCTOR: THE LATE DR. ANDREW TOPPING.

Dr. Andrew Topping, who died on Aug. 28 at the age of sixty-four, had been Dean of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine since 1950. He was a leading authority on all aspects of public health, and had held many important appointments both at home and abroad. He was President of the Society of Medical Officers of Health from 1952 to 1953.

AN ESSEX NOVELIST DIES: MISS UNA L. SILBERRAD.

Miss Una L. Silberrad, a novelist who specialised in describing Essex people and the Essex scene, died on Sept. 1, aged eighty-three. Her first book, "The Enchanter," was published in 1897, and her next, "The Lady of Dreams," in 1901, after which she published one or two novels every year for well over forty years.



RECEIVING THE ACCOLADE OF KNIGHTHOOD FROM SIR WILLIAM SLIM IN BRISBANE: SIR ALEXANDER MURPHY. At a recent Investiture at Government House, Brisbane, Professor Alexander Murphy, who was President of the Royal Australasia College of Physicians from 1952-54, received the accolade of knighthood from the Governor-General, Field Marshal Sir William Slim. Sir Alexander was First Head, Department of Medicine, and First Professor of Medicine at the University of Queensland, 1937-50.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.

AN AGRICULTURAL AUTHORITY DIES: LORD COURTHOPE.

Lord Courthope, who before his elevation to the peerage represented the Rye Division of Sussex in the House of Commons for almost forty years, died at his home in Sussex on Sept. 2 aged seventy-eight. He was a noted authority on agriculture and forestry and was for some time chairman of the Conservative Agricultural Committee in the House of Commons.



LEAVING B.E.A. FOR BRISTOL AIRCRAFT CO.: MR. PETER MASEFIELD.

It was announced on Sept. 5 that Mr. P. G. Masefield, the Chief Executive of B.E.A. since 1949, was leaving the Corporation to join the Bristol Aeroplane Company in November, becoming on Jan. 1 managing director of a new subsidiary company called Bristol Aircraft Ltd. Mr. Masefield, who is only forty-one, has already had a brilliant and varied aeronautical career.



DIED AUGUST 30, AGED SEVENTY-EIGHT: SIR DOUGAL MALCOLM, K.C.M.G.

Sir Dougal Malcolm, who was born in 1877, was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, where he was a Double First in Classics. A Fellow of All Souls, he entered the Colonial Office in 1900; but in 1912 he retired to become a director of the British South Africa Company, which had been formed by Cecil Rhodes to develop what is now Rhodesia. He became president of the Company in 1937 and negotiated the surrender of its perpetual rights in 1949. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1938.



AT THE OPENING OF THE CYPRUS TALKS: MR. MACMILLAN, THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, TALKING TO MR. STEPHANOPOULOS (RIGHT), AND MR. ZORLU (LEFT). The Tripartite Conference on the Eastern Mediterranean and Cyprus opened at Lancaster House, London, on August 29, when Mr. Macmillan made a statement setting out the British attitude. Mr. Stephanopoulos, the Greek Foreign Minister, and Mr. Zorlu, the Turkish Foreign Minister, subsequently made statements of the Greek and Turkish views. The critical period of the conference was thought likely to be reached in the second week, when Mr. Macmillan was expected to make proposals to reconcile the British, Greek and Turkish views.



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: SIR RAYMOND PRIESTLEY.

Sir Raymond Priestley, who is sixty-nine, has been elected President of the British Association for 1956. Sir Raymond, who is a distinguished geologist and scientist, is chairman of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service. He was Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University from 1938 to 1952, and was previously Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University for three years. He was geologist to the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition of 1907-09, and scientist to the northern party of Scott's Antarctic Expedition, 1910-13.



AUSTRALIA RECAPTURES THE DAVIS CUP: VICE-PRESIDENT R. M. NIXON PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO MR. HARRY HOPMAN, THE AUSTRALIAN NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN.

Australia recaptured the Davis Cup from the United States at Forest Hills, New York, on August 29. They won by five matches to nil. Our photograph shows Sir Percy Spender (left), the Australian Ambassador to the United States with members of the Australian team: (l. to r.) L. A. Hoad; N. Fraser (reserve); R. N. Hartwig; K. R. Rosewall; Mr. Harry Hopman, the Australian non-playing captain, receiving the famous trophy from the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. R. M. Nixon. Next to Mr. Nixon are members of the U.S. team: (l. to r.) W. Talbert (non-playing captain); E. V. Seixas; G. Shea (reserve); T. Trabert and H. Richardson.



ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SIGNING OF THE JAPANESE SURRENDER: GENERAL MACARTHUR (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. SHIGEMITSU.

On September 2, the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Japanese surrender on board the U.S. battleship *Missouri*, the two principals in the ceremony met again when Mr. Shigemitsu, the Japanese Foreign Minister, who signed the surrender document, called on General MacArthur at his hotel in New York. General MacArthur, former Supreme Commander in the Far East, said that he had prevented the trial of the Emperor of Japan as a war criminal in 1945.

WHEN, some two years ago, the French Government deposed and exiled the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, it seemed to me that it had done a dangerous day's work, likely to recoil upon its own head. It has recently been wondering how to dispose of the present Sultan, who is the uncle of his predecessor. The deposition and banishment of Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef certainly does not account for all the troubles or for the recent horrors in Morocco. Those of Algeria, under an entirely different administration and with a different status, have been similar in type. Arab and Berber North Africa have become, in the main, hostile to French rule in any form. Yet the French action increased the bitterness of feeling in Morocco, and this may be taken to have been at least in part responsible for the dreadful events which have occurred there.

The background must be in many ways distressing to the people of France. Differences in the French Government, grave irregularities in the conduct of the police, illegal intervention by French colonists, insults at their hands to the French Resident-General, M. Grandval, and later a strong movement to sacrifice him as a scapegoat, accusations of indiscriminate killing by the Army, queries by the United States about the use of N.A.T.O. weapons and equipment—all these are unpleasant to contemplate. The decision, at the time of writing, to remove M. Grandval seems particularly unfortunate. If he has been flamboyant, so have some of his predecessors, and the chief point about his short tenure of office is that he has been nearly always right. His removal now would seem naked expediency without justice. There might be something to be said for that, but it is by no means certain that his withdrawal will not make things even worse.

On top of all this there have been Nationalist proposals at Aix-les-Bains to bring the deposed Sultan back to the scene, not to Morocco, but to France. The argument for this course is that he remains the legitimate sovereign of Morocco, so that his assent to any engagements made by the Nationalists with the French Government is necessary. He cannot well give his assent from his distant exile in Madagascar. Then, pressure has been put on the present Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafa, to leave French Morocco and take up his residence in Tangier. Tangier is an enclave of the Spanish zone under international control. The people of the Spanish zone are partisans of Ben Youssef and have refused to recognise his successor. When, in January



THE FORMER FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO: MONSIEUR GRANDVAL, WHOSE RESIGNATION WAS FORMALLY ANNOUNCED ON AUGUST 31.

The plight in which the French find themselves, not only in Morocco but also in Algeria and Tunisia, is typical of the times. They feel that they have done a great deal for Morocco, and it is true. The British felt the same about India and—to take a better example, a country where the native throne was maintained—about Egypt. Gratitude for improvement of welfare at the hands of an occupying power of another race is almost always limited in duration, if it is ever to be found. Roads, clinics, schools, sanitation, and the like are not held to justify foreign rule. And it is a long time since there has been so ardent and violent a spirit of Nationalism throughout the world as since the Second World War. Moreover, people have learnt a great deal about the best methods of resisting the forces of an occupying power. They no longer stand in mass, armed with primitive weapons, to be shot down by rifles or machine-guns. They fight a skilful guerrilla war. Where there are cities or large towns they fight in the streets.

Many aspects of this Nationalism may seem to us deplorable, but its existence is only too obvious, and it must always be taken into account. French policy in Indo-China proved an utter failure, but it may be argued that it was more reasonable and promising than that in Morocco, and that irresolution and lack of will may have prevented it from being successful. World opinion has also changed. The bloody repression, beginning in 1925, by the French and Spaniards of the great Moroccan revolt in the Rif was regarded with interest and curiosity, rather than reprobation, whereas there is sharp criticism to-day of French measures which are by comparison on a very small scale. Military bases on foreign soil may be a factor. The United States has air bases in Morocco, and therefore does not want to see the country in turmoil. Egypt has accused France of using N.A.T.O. arms, and described this as a crime extending to N.A.T.O. and its members, but the allegation has been denied.

This is not to condemn the repression of revolt in principle. It may amount to a duty. The occupying or protecting Power has an undeniably right to intervene forcibly in order to safeguard its own nationals,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FRANCE AND NORTH AFRICA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

especially when these form a considerable community. Belief that a rising is fostered by hostile outside influences; or that one-half of the population is forcibly imposing its will on the other; or that chaos will be created by a sudden yielding, whereas measured steps towards self-government will avoid such a calamity—such factors, to which others might be added in some cases, provide a justification. In any event, whatever may be the final intention of the occupying or protecting Power, so long as its forces remain on the spot, they are bound to resist terrorism and to defend themselves. On the other hand, the



EXILED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1953:
SIDI MOHAMMED BEN YOUSSEF, WHO SUCCEEDED
HIS FATHER AS SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN 1927 AND
NOW LIVES IN MADAGASCAR.



PROCLAIMED SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN 1953: SIDI MOHAMMED BEN MOULAY ARAFA, WHOSE REMOVAL IS PART OF ONE PLAN FOR THE PACIFICATION OF MOROCCO.

In the article on this page Captain Cyril Falls discusses the difficulties with which France is faced in North Africa, and the removal of Monsieur Grandval from his post as French Resident-General in Morocco. His successor, General Boyer de la Tour, was expected to take up his post at Rabat early in September. Captain Falls writes: "The relatively moderate Nationalists who form the Democratic Party of Independence [in Morocco] have set out a programme which at the moment is clearer than any other. They demand that the exiled Sultan should at once be brought to France, that the present Sultan should leave the French zone of Morocco, and that a Council of the Throne should be established." Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafa was proclaimed Sultan on August 20, 1953, after the French had exiled his nephew, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, who had reigned as Sultan since November 1927. The restoration of Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef has not been demanded by either the Democratic Party of Independence or the more extreme Nationalist party, the Istiqlal.

principle of self-determination has been widely accepted and, though not always applied, has become a potent moral force.

The relatively moderate Nationalists who form the Democratic Party of Independence have set out a programme which at the moment is clearer than any other. They demand that the exiled Sultan should at once be brought to France, that the present Sultan should leave the French zone of Morocco, and that a Council of the Throne should be established. This would act as a provisional Government for a certain period to be fixed in advance, and at the end of that period the people of Morocco would be allowed to decide their own future. It is not certain that the more extreme Nationalist party, the Istiqlal, would

agree to work constitutionally on the same basis as the Democratic Party of Independence. It likewise insists, however, that the former Sultan should come to France as a condition of its adherence to a new Government in Morocco. Neither party demanded at Aix-les-Bains that he should be restored.

Their reason for not doing so may have been the belief that further progress would be impossible if they did, that the French Government would not negotiate on these lines, and that more and more blood would be unavailingly shed in Morocco. But a section of the French Government, represented in particular by M. Pinay, believes that, were the exile to be permitted to live in France—and there could hardly be any question of returning him to Madagascar if he came—there would sooner or later be a demand for his restoration to the throne. And M. Pinay may be credited with more than the desire to uphold French prestige in this matter. For him, and many other French politicians and officials, Mohammed Ben Youssef is the enemy of France, who did all in his power to destroy French policy and brought government to a standstill by persistent refusal to sign decrees. It must be admitted that, however unwise and even unjust the banishment of the Sultan may have been, it is not easy to go back upon it.

The case of M. Grandval has been curious. It is believed that he protested against the Army's methods of repressing the recent revolt, but this can hardly be the key to the problem. The truth appears to be that his policy in Morocco is disliked by the Right-Wing section of the French Government. He seems destined to be sacrificed to balance the sacrifice of Moulay Arafa.

OCTAVIUS: Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS: I do consent.

OCTAVIUS: Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS: Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

One unusual and unexpected feature of the revolt in Morocco is that it was Berber rather than Arab. A French officer who took part in the operations of 1925 and 1926 noted that the Berbers were not fanatical in a political or religious sense, and not as irreconcilable. They did not appear to have lost these characteristics in the interval, but they showed them in August. The rising was also accompanied by indiscriminate barbarism, notably at Oued Zem, where there was massacre pure and simple. On the



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO:
GENERAL BOYER DE LA TOUR,
FORMER RESIDENT-GENERAL IN
TUNISIA.

other hand, the cities were less disturbed, on the whole, than had been anticipated. We must own that, while indiscriminate revenge for massacre—which some observers on the spot have alleged—cannot be justified, it cannot be considered surprising, in view of the magnitude of the provocation. The Algerian rising was just as serious and would seem to have been more carefully planned. In Algeria also the representative of France, M. Soustelle,

had made himself unpopular with the settlers, far more numerous than in Morocco, by his measures and his promises. The risings were planned to coincide.

The situation by the end of August was tragic. The French colonists now naturally assert that the crimes committed were due to a policy of pandering to Moroccan and Algerian nationalism and lack of courage in facing it. They have been confirmed in their opposition to self-determination in Morocco and to reform in Algeria. Their powerful backers in France will adopt the same attitude, though they may express it in less belligerent terms. Yet the Aix-les-Bains Conference, while it achieved nothing concrete, does not seem to have been a complete failure, and it could not have been expected to provide a solution of the Moroccan problem. As I write, the Istiqlal have announced that their participation in a temporary Government will depend on the terms put forward on the subject by the French. Algeria is a different matter, because it is politically a part of France, and France will clearly make every effort to retain it as such. But France went into Morocco originally because she saw no other way of securing peace and prosperity in Algeria.

Despite the bitter feeling which has been created, the prospects of a settlement would not be altogether unpromising if it rested with France and internal Moroccan and Algerian opinion alone. Unhappily, outside pressure, largely from Egypt, of a most fanatical type has also to be taken into account. Indeed, the Algerian troubles seem to have been manufactured in Cairo. Even then there is no need for despair. The Istiqlal has been permeated by Communism, but the creed is not as strong as it was in Indo-China, and even extremists in Morocco have expressed views more moderate than were heard from Viet-Minh. "Another Indo-China" on the fringe of Europe and the shore of the Mediterranean would be a catastrophe, but it does not look likely.

THE FATEFUL GAZA AREA: SCENE OF ARMED OUTRAGES AND THE U.N. PEACE ATTEMPTS.



SITUATED IN THE NO-MAN'S-LAND NEAR GAZA : THE HUT IN WHICH THE UNITED NATIONS TRUCE COMMISSION MEETS TO ATTRIBUTE BLAME FOR BORDER CLASHES. (RIGHT) GENERAL BURNS, CANADIAN CHIEF OF THE COMMISSION, AND ARCHITECT OF THE CEASE-FIRE.



FOUND AFTER A MORTAR BOMB ATTACK AT NAHAL OZ : AN UNEXPLODED MORTAR BOMB, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN FIRED BY EGYPTIAN FORCES.



KILLED WHILE WORKING IN AN ORANGE GROVE. UNITED NATIONS OBSERVERS BEING SHOWN THE BODY OF AN ISRAEL CIVILIAN.



THE WRECKAGE OF A HOSPITAL AT KHAN YUNIS, FOLLOWING A RAID BY ISRAELI ARMED FORCES. THE EGYPTIANS CLAIMED THAT THE BUILDING WAS BOMBED BY ISRAELI AIRCRAFT.



BLOWN UP DURING THE ISRAELI RAID : THE POLICE STATION AT KHAN YUNIS, SCENE OF A FIVE-HOUR BATTLE.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN BY ISRAELI AIRCRAFT : THE WRECKAGE OF AN EGYPTIAN VAMPIRE JET FIGHTER. THE EGYPTIANS CLAIMED THAT THE AIRCRAFT WAS INVOLVED IN A COLLISION.



THE REMAINS OF A REFUGEE CAMP AT KHAN YUNIS, AFTER AN ISRAELI RAID IN RETALIATION FOR EGYPTIAN THRUSTS INTO ISRAEL.

The sporadic raiding that has repeatedly taken place between Egyptian and Israeli military forces in the Gaza region became intensified towards the end of August when the Egyptian Government broke off the talks, sponsored by the United Nations, for the reduction of tension along the demarcation-line between Egypt and Israel. Mere skirmishing was replaced by deep thrusts by Egyptian armed bands into the Israel countryside, during one of which four civilian workers were killed in the orange grove of Beth Oved. Admitting the raids, an Egyptian spokesman claimed that "commando" forces had blown up the mast of a

broadcasting station and killed fifteen Israelis in "punitive action." On September 1 two Egyptian Vampire jet fighters were brought down over Israel territory by jet fighters of the Israel Air Force. Further Israeli retaliation took the form of a major raid in the Khan Yunis area. General Burns, chief of the United Nations truce organisation, issued an announcement calling upon both sides to cease hostilities. The Governments of Israel and Egypt both accepted this appeal, but only seven hours after the cease-fire agreement came into force there was a further incident during which two Israelis were killed.

A NEW ROYAL NAVY TANKER: AN ALTITUDE RECORD: AND OTHER NEWS.



ACCEPTED INTO THE ROYAL NAVY FROM THE HANDS OF HER BUILDERS: THE ROYAL FLEET AUXILIARY *TIDEREACH* (26,000 TONS), ONE OF THREE NEW REPLENISHMENT SHIPS. The Royal Fleet Auxiliary *Tidereach*, one of three new tankers constructed for the Royal Navy, was accepted into service on August 30. Built and launched by Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd., her aim, and that of her sister-ships, *Tiderace* and *Tiderange*, is the support and replenishment of the Fleet at sea. All three ships were launched in 1954.



TAKING-OFF ON A RECORD ALTITUDE ATTEMPT: THE *CANBERRA*, POWERED BY TWO BRISTOL *OLYMPUS* TURBO-JET ENGINES, WHICH REACHED A RECORD HEIGHT.



PAINTING ON THE DETAILS OF ANOTHER HIGH-LEVEL ACHIEVEMENT: THE *OLYMPUS-CANBERRA*, WHICH BROKE ITS OWN WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD. A new world's altitude record was set up on August 29 by an English Electric *Canberra* powered by two Bristol *Olympus* turbo-jet engines, when the aircraft reached 65,876 ft., or nearly 12½ miles. The previous record of 63,668 ft. was achieved in May 1953 by the same machine and the same pilot, Wing Commander W. F. Gibb. The record-breaking aircraft was later flown to Farnborough, where it was due to take part in the S.B.A.C. display.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE COCKPIT OF HIS *OLYMPUS-CANBERRA* AFTER SETTING A NEW ALTITUDE RECORD OF 65,876 FT.: WING COMMANDER W. F. GIBB.



AFTER EXPLODING IN CANNES HARBOUR, INJURING EIGHT: THE BRITISH 33-TON YACHT *NAIAD*. Two women and the two-man crew were hurled into the harbour at Cannes on August 28 when the British 33-ton yacht *Naiad* exploded; four people on the quayside were also injured by the explosion. The injured from the boat sustained burns from blazing fuel while struggling in the water.



PREPARING TO BUILD A NEW HOUSE FOR THE CROWN JEWELS. EXCAVATIONS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON. Visitors to the Tower of London who wish to see the Crown Jewels frequently have to queue for long periods. The Tower authorities have therefore recommended that a new Jewel House should be built. Work on the site has already been started; it is estimated that the project will cost £95,000.



Demonstrating against President Perón's resignation offer: a huge crowd of his supporters gathered in the Plaza de Mayo, Buenos Aires. On August 31 General Perón offered his resignation as President of Argentina, but the General Confederation of Labour refused it and called for a general stoppage of work throughout Argentina. The President's supporters were exhorted by radio to assemble in the Plaza de Mayo, and thousands arrived with banners to demonstrate in favour of General Perón. When the General appeared on a balcony he was given a tremendous ovation. Similar demonstrations took place in many parts of the country.



CONVEYING A VIVID IMPRESSION OF TREMENDOUS POWER: THE EXPLOSION AS AN ENGLISH ELECTRIC GUIDED MISSILE IS FIRED FROM ITS LAUNCHING-GROUND. The fact that little or no information on Britain's guided missile projects is allowed to reach the public does not mean that scant attention is being paid to this urgent field of aeronautical research. The dramatic photograph above was taken at the launching of an English Electric "test vehicle," a term used to describe the experimental missiles used in guided weapon development. It conveys a vivid impression of terrific power as the missile takes off on its flight at supersonic speeds.

RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA: NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



AT A CHARITY DRESS SHOW PRESENTED BY MR. NORMAN HARTNELL: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET (ON THE PLATFORM) WITH HER AUNT, LADY ELPHINSTONE.

On September 1 Princess Margaret attended a charity dress show in the ballroom of Hopetoun House, Midlothian. It was in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, of which the Princess is patron, and of which her aunt, Lady Elphinstone, at whose home the Princess had been staying, is president.



RECEIVING MOROCCO'S HIGHEST DECORATION FROM SULTAN BEN MOULAY ARAFA: GENERAL BOYER DE LA TOUR, THE NEW FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO.

On September 1 General Boyer de la Tour, the new French Resident-General, paid his formal respects to Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafa, the Sultan of Morocco. During the ceremony the Sultan decorated the Resident-General with Morocco's highest distinction, the Grand Order of the Quissant Allouite.



AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL IN KUALA LUMPUR:

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE CHIEF MINISTER'S SPEECH.

At the inauguration of the new Malayan Federal Legislative Council on August 31, the Chief Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, proposed sweeping constitutional reforms. The High Commissioner, Sir Donald MacGillivray, read a message from the Queen, and Mr. Lennox-Boyd later addressed the Assembly.



THE MILITARY TATTOO BY DAYLIGHT: "THE CAVALCADE OF THE LOWLAND BRIGADE" AT AN AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE AT EDINBURGH ON SEPTEMBER 3.

One of the attractions of the Edinburgh Festival is the Military Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade and on September 3 there was an extra performance which was given in the afternoon. This photograph shows the historical cavalcade which features all four regiments of the Lowland Brigade.



ATTENDED BY WOMEN FROM OVER FORTY COUNTRIES: THE MEETING OF THE WORLD COUNCIL OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AT EGHAM.

During the first fortnight of September the World Council of the Y.W.C.A. is meeting in the Royal Holloway College, Egham, Surrey. The meeting is the first to be held in Europe since 1935 and is being held in England to mark the centenary of the Y.W.C.A. of Great Britain.



PAYING A VISIT TO THE 77TH CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION: UNITED KINGDOM BOY SCOUTS

WHO HAD BEEN ATTENDING THE WORLD JAMBOREE AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

This year's Canadian National Exhibition was opened on August 26 by Lord Rowallan, Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth. The ceremony included a march-past of 10,000 Boy Scouts from more than fifty countries who had been attending the world jamboree at Niagara-on-the-Lake (Ontario).



(1) THE SWORD-LIKE NOSE OF THE FAIREY DELTA 2. (2) THE FANCIFUL TAIL OF THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR JET BOMBER. (3) SEEN AT AN UNUSUAL ANGLE: THE FAIREY JET GYRODYNE "CONVERTIPLANE." (4) A CONTRAST OF SIZES: THE TINY FOLLIAND GNAT FIGHTER BESIDE THE AVRO ASHTON "FLYING TEST BED." (5) TAKING-OFF TO DISPLAY ITS SPEED AND MANOEUVRABILITY: THE AVRO VULCAN DELTA-WING JET BOMBER. (6) DESIGNED TO AN ARMY SPECIFICATION: THE FAIREY ULTRA-LIGHT JET HELICOPTER. (7) THE FIRST AIRCRAFT FROM OVERSEAS TO BE INCLUDED IN THE FARNBOROUGH SHOW: THE AVRO CANADIAN C.F.100 JET FIGHTER. (8) FACE TO FACE WITH THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR BOMBER.

SOME UNUSUAL ENCOUNTERS WITH AIRCRAFT: FARNBOROUGH ANGLES AND PERSPECTIVES OF EXHIBITS AT THE S.B.A.C. SHOW.

This year's S.B.A.C. air display at Farnborough provides many oddities of contrast, angle and perspective. The interested spectator may suddenly come unaware upon the fanciful tail of the Handley Page *Victor* bomber, the blunt nose of the Canadian C.F.100 all-weather fighter, or the sword-like snout of the Fairey Delta 2 research aircraft. It is hardly less of a shock to meet the *Victor* face to face until one has had time to appraise and admire its strange configuration, but

moving away, the element of unexpectedness is maintained by the minute Fairey ultra-light jet-powered helicopter, designed to an Army specification. A further contrast in sizes is provided by the juxtaposition of the tiny Folland *Gnat* light jet fighter, appearing for the first time at Farnborough, with the Avro *Ashton* "flying test bed." And a final memorable angle is that of the *Vulcan* bomber as, with its multi-wheels retracting, it shoots like a great dart into the air.



(TOP PHOTOGRAPH.) TAKING SHELTER FROM THE RAIN BENEATH THE WINGS OF THE TWIN PIONEER : TECHNICIANS AND MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE SHOW. (BOTTOM PHOTOGRAPH.) AFTER THE DELUGE. SPECTATORS, STILL IN PRECAUTIONARY RAINCOATS, WALKING BETWEEN THE ROWS OF BRITAIN'S LATEST CIVIL AND MILITARY AIRCRAFT.

A RAINY START TO A GREAT SHOW : THE OPENING OF THE FARNBOROUGH SHOW, ATTENDED BY TECHNICIANS AND THE PRESS.

The S.B.A.C. display at Farnborough opened on September 5 amid rain that at one juncture threatened to prohibit the flying display. The opening day was actually a preview, reserved principally for the Press and technicians, the latter having the opportunity of seeing and appraising the work of colleagues in rival organisations. At lunch-time the weather cleared, and those who had sought shelter—some beneath the conveniently broad wings of transport aircraft—were

able to walk in sunshine along the wet tarmac between immaculate rows of Britain's latest aircraft. Although there were comparatively few new types on show, it was significant that many of the aircraft displayed last year as prototypes were seen this year in production form. In the static exhibition, some of the world's most powerful engines, including the De Havilland Gyron, the Rolls-Royce Conway, the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire and the Bristol Olympus, were on view.



THE WORLD'S FIRST CRESCENT-WINGED BOMBER: THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR, A LONG-RANGE AIRCRAFT CAPABLE OF NEAR-SONIC SPEEDS, ON VIEW AT THE FARNBOROUGH AIR DISPLAY.

Not long after the announcement of the Avro *Vulcan* and the Vickers *Valiant*—two new British bombers of unconventional shape and able to achieve near-sonic speeds—came news of a third V aircraft of commensurate distinction. This was the Handley Page *Victor*. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the development of such a shape is the way in which the *Valiant* was shown to be the conception of such a distinguished aircraft when the *Valiant* was shown; the delta-wing of the *Vulcan* also seemed a logical development; but the crescent-winged *Victor*, with its nose and tail strangely reminiscent of some vast flying fish, was a new and remarkable appearance, and

those who saw the queer prototype streaking above the small fields of Hertfordshire had good reason to stand and stare at the receding oddity. Now acknowledged as a beautiful achievement in aircraft design and manufacture, and in super-priority priority for the R.A.F., details of the *Victor's* performance are still largely secret. What is generally known? First, that the manufacturer claims that no other V-bomber flies as fast, as far or as high with as great or as flexible a bomb-load. Secondly, that it has been built to accomplish lightning thrusts across thousands of miles of oceans or heavily-defended and hostile territory. Thirdly, that in order

to gain maximum immunity from ground defences and from enemy fighters, it cruises at very great height at near-sonic speed. What of the crescent wing? The makers claim that this combines the better features of the straight-swept, razor-thin and delta wings while avoiding their aerodynamic shortcomings. The *Victor's* crescent wing has great wing sweepback, at the centre in order that engine exhausts and carriage may be enclosed, and highly-swept for low drag at near-sonic speed. It is thin and slightly swept at the tips for good stability, control and aero-elastic qualities. It has big span and large aspect ratio for great altitude, long range and high speed.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.

The *Victor* is powered by four Armstrong Siddeley *Sapphire* turbojet engines, and is said to be inherently stable in flight and therefore a steady bombing-platform. The high, swept-back tailplane on top of a single fin helps to give the best perfect control as the ground is approached and to assist the trailing edge flaps to let the aircraft glide just above the runway. In short, the most recent of the three V-bombers is a valuable addition to Britain's global striking power, and an impressive answer to those who claim that this country can never hope to develop transcontinental bombers of range and thrust equal to those of the United States and the Soviet Union.

THE HAREWOOD HORSE TRIALS.



CLEARING THE MECHANICAL MANURE SPREADER, ONE OF THE JUMPS IN THE ENDURANCE PHASE OF THE TRIALS : MISS P. MORETON ON COPPER COIN. SHE FINISHED THIRD.



THE WINNER OF THE HAREWOOD HORSE TRIALS : LIEUT.-COLONEL F. W. C. WELDON RIDING KILBARRY IN THE DRESSAGE TESTS. HE HAS WON SIX EVENTS THIS YEAR.



ANOTHER OBSTACLE IN THE ENDURANCE TEST : A LOADED TIMBER WAGON BEING CLEARED BY MISS A. DRUMMOND-HAY ON TRIDENT. SHE WAS SECOND IN THE NOVICE CLASS.

There was an entry of twenty for the three-day combined training test at Harewood, which opened on September 1, and which included horses and riders from Germany, Sweden, and Australia as well as England and Ireland. On the first day, which was devoted to dressage, the field was led by Miss Willcox on *High and Mighty* and Miss Mason on *Tramella*, with Lieut.-Colonel Weldon lying fourth, and Miss Moreton sixth. On the second day, the endurance phase, the complex obstacles—especially the "silage pit" and the "cattle crush"—eliminated a number of entries; and Lieut.-Colonel Weldon came into the lead on *Kilbarry*, Captain Naylor-Leyland on *Bright Prospect* second, and Miss P. Moreton, from Ireland, on *Copper Coin*, third. On the third day, the show jumping, the field was reduced to fifteen, and in the final event the order was unchanged: Lieut.-Colonel Weldon and *Kilbarry* being first with minus 21.33, Captain Naylor-Leyland and *Bright Prospect* second with minus 53.59, and Miss Moreton and *Copper Coin* third with minus 84.25.

A FRENCH MURDER INQUIRY.

The body of a woman cyclist, afterwards identified as Miss Janet Marshall, aged twenty-nine, a British schoolteacher from Nottingham, was discovered on August 28 in the bushes near the main road eight miles from Amiens. Miss Marshall had been making a cycling tour in France. Medical evidence showed that she had been bludgeoned—a rough cudgel of green wood was found in the undergrowth—and then strangled to death, probably by some kind of scarf or tie. Her bicycle stood near by, but certain belongings, including her rucksack, her watch and all her papers, had disappeared. Immediately the murder was known, French police launched intensive inquiries; two men were detained, but doubts were later expressed whether either had anything to do with the crime. Miss Marshall's body was temporarily buried in the hillside cemetery at La Chaussée-Tirancourt; it will be reburied later in this country.



EXAMINING THE CUDGEL, THOUGHT TO BE THE WEAPON WITH WHICH AN ENGLISH WOMAN CYCLIST WAS BLUDGEONED : DR. BEAUVOIR (RIGHT), OF THE FRENCH POLICE.



SEARCHING THE UNDERGROWTH WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND : FRENCH GENDARMES SEEKING A CLUE THAT WILL LEAD THEM TO THE MURDERER OF AN ENGLISH TOURIST.

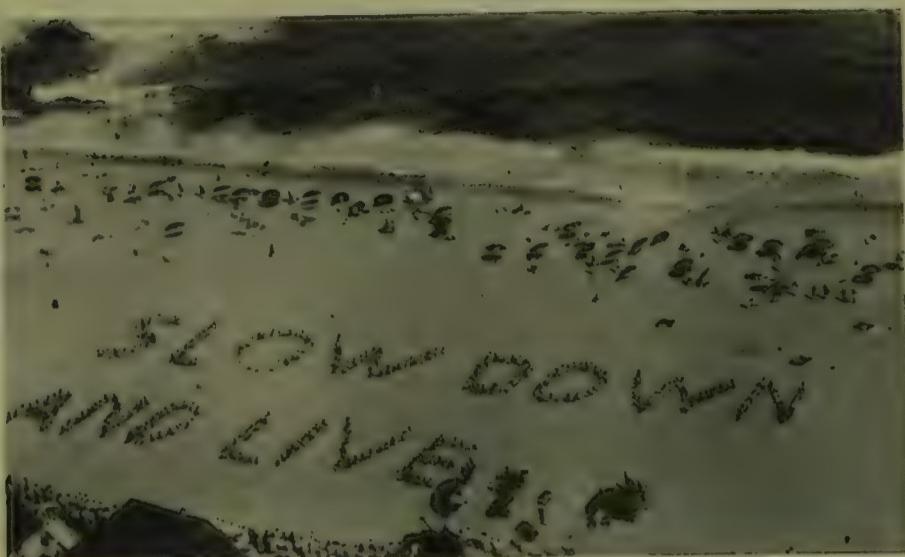


COVERED WITH FLOWERS, THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE MURDERED WOMAN AWAITING BURIAL AT THE HILLSIDE CEMETERY OF LA CHAUSSEE-TIRANCOURT. IT WILL BE REBURIED LATER IN ENGLAND.



STRANGE TRANSPORT FOR A MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. AND CHAIRMAN OF B.E.A.: LORD DOUGLAS DRIVING A PRIMITIVE STEAM VEHICLE PAST CRAIGIEVAR CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, WHERE HE WAS THE GUEST OF LORD SEMPILL. LORD DOUGLAS WAS A.O.C.-IN-C. FIGHTER COMMAND, 1940-42.

SIDELIGHTS ON TRANSPORT—GRAVE AND GAY: A CAMERA MISCELLANY FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



A LIVING TRAFFIC SLOGAN ON A MARYLAND BEACH: 305 MARYLAND GIRLS—THE NUMBER IS THAT OF THE STATE'S ROAD DEATHS THIS YEAR—FORMING THEMSELVES INTO THE WORDS "SLOW DOWN AND LIVE," THE SLOGAN OF TRAFFIC SAFETY COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND, IN THE U.S.A.



A CIRCUS WEDDING CELEBRATED IN STYLE AT SOUTHPORT, LANCASHIRE: AN ENGLISH EQUESTRIENNE AND A SWEDISH ELEPHANT TRAINER, LEAVING THE CHURCH ON ELEPHANT BACK, AFTER THEIR WEDDING.



A PROUD HORSE—AND A PROUD OWNER: SEVENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD MR. HARRY DAVIS, WITH HIS HORSE 'PRINCE', THE FIRST-PRIZE WINNER IN THE DECORATED AGRICULTURAL HORSE EVENT HELD AT DORCHESTER SHOW ON SEPTEMBER 1.



A HUMAN SNAIL: AN AGED MOROCCAN OF CASABLANCA, PROUD POSSESSOR OF HORSE, CART AND A LITTLE HOUSE MADE OF PACKING-CASES, WEARIES OF THE RIOTS OF THE CITY AND MOVES WITH ALL HIS POSSESSIONS TO PEACE—ELSEWHERE.



WINNER OF A GREAT MATCH RACE IN CHICAGO: NASHUA (EDDIE ARCARO UP), ADORNED WITH A HUGE ROSETTE, RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF ITS OWNER.

Mr. William Woodward, Jnr.'s *Nashua*, the American East Coast champion three-year-old, beat Mr. Rex Ellsworth's *Swaps*, the West Coast three-year-old champion, at Chicago's Washington Park, August 31, by five lengths against the odds. It is believed that about 100,000,000 dollars were laid on the race.



THE MAN WHO FLEW THE ATLANTIC AND BACK IN 14½ HOURS (RIGHT) PRESENTS THE FIRST £75,000 FOOTBALL POOLS PRIZE OF THE SEASON.

On August 23 Mr. John Hackett (pilot) and Mr. Peter Monypenny (navigator) flew a *Canberra* from London to New York and back in 14½ hours. A few days later Mr. Hackett handed over the first £75,000 treble chance prize of the season to Mr. Robert Mirtle, a baker of Nairn.



SHOT 80 FT. IN THE AIR FROM A METEOR JET AIRCRAFT TRAVELLING AT A TAKE-OFF SPEED OF ABOUT 130 M.P.H.: SQUADRON-LEADER JOHN FIFIELD, THE FIRST MAN IN THE WORLD TO PARACHUTE FROM A MOVING AIRCRAFT AT GROUND-LEVEL, DURING A "LIVE" TEST OF THE MARTIN-BAKER EJECTOR SEAT.



AFTER THE ORDEAL: SQUADRON-LEADER FIFIELD, A SPITFIRE PILOT IN THE LAST WAR, SMOKING A CIGARETTE AND SURVEYING THE SCENE OF HIS RAPID ASCENT.



DISCARDING HIS PARACHUTE AFTER DESCENDING WITHOUT INJURY: SQUADRON-LEADER FIFIELD WALKING ACROSS TO REPORT ON THE EXPERIMENT.

PARACHUTING FROM THE GROUND: A MARTIN-BAKER EJECTOR SEAT TEST WITH A "LIVE" DEMONSTRATOR.

In our issue of March 19 this year we described and illustrated an experiment in which a dummy pilot was hurled from a *Meteor* jet aircraft during take-off. On September 3 Squadron-Leader John Fifield took the place of the dummy in an identical experiment, and so became the first man in the world to parachute from a fast-moving aircraft at ground-level. Watchers at Chalgrove Airfield, Oxfordshire, saw the Mark VII *Meteor* jet aircraft gather speed along the runway

until it was travelling at about 130 m.p.h. Then, at a signal from the pilot, Squadron-Leader Fifield shot some 80 ft. into the air and parachuted safely to the ground. The Martin-Baker automatic ejector seat was developed to save the occupants of a damaged aircraft during landing or take-off. A telescopic ejection-gun carries the seat clear of the aircraft, and a parachute opens automatically to bring the occupant safely down as the seat falls away.



LOOMING LIKE A GIANT BOMB AND INCORPORATING RADAR APPARATUS THAT WILL ENABLE THE BOMBER TO PIN-POINT ITS TARGET WHILE FLYING TEN MILES HIGH AT GREAT SPEED: THE RADAR NOSE OF THE AVRO VULCAN JET BOMBER.

Encouraging progress is now being made in the super-priority production of the Avro Vulcan bomber, the four-engined delta-wing member of Britain's "V" trinity of long-range bombers. Making its appearance at the Farnborough Air Display, the Vulcan revealed a new and unfamiliar characteristic. This was a radar nose, shown in the close-up photograph reproduced on this page. Details of this appendage are still highly secret, but it is known that the apparatus enables

the bomber to pin-point its target while flying more than ten miles high at a speed approaching that of sound. The Vulcan, the first prototype of which made its maiden flight in August 1952, is powered by four Bristol Olympus turbo-jet engines, but an important feature of this outstanding aircraft is that as new and more powerful engines are developed, it will be possible to fit them without any basic structural alterations.

STAMPS OF THE NEW REIGN, A NEW PORTRAIT
OF SIR WINSTON, AND OTHER ITEMS OLD AND NEW.



ON SALE AT ALL POST OFFICES THIS MONTH: THE NEW HIGH-VALUE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE PRESENT

REIGN, WHICH HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY MR. LYNTON LAMB.

The new Queen Elizabeth £1 and 10s. postage stamps became available at all post offices in the United Kingdom on September 1, and the new 2s. 6d. and 5s. stamps will be on sale on September 23. All the stamps bear a portrait of the Queen, and the £1 black shows Windsor Castle; the 10s. blue, Edinburgh Castle; the 5s. red, Caernarfon Castle; and the 2s. 6d. brown, Carrickfergus Castle (Northern Ireland). These are the first stamps which have been designed by Mr. Lynton Lamb.

(RIGHT.)
PRESENTED TO PRINCESS WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS: A STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL BY A DUTCH ARTIST.

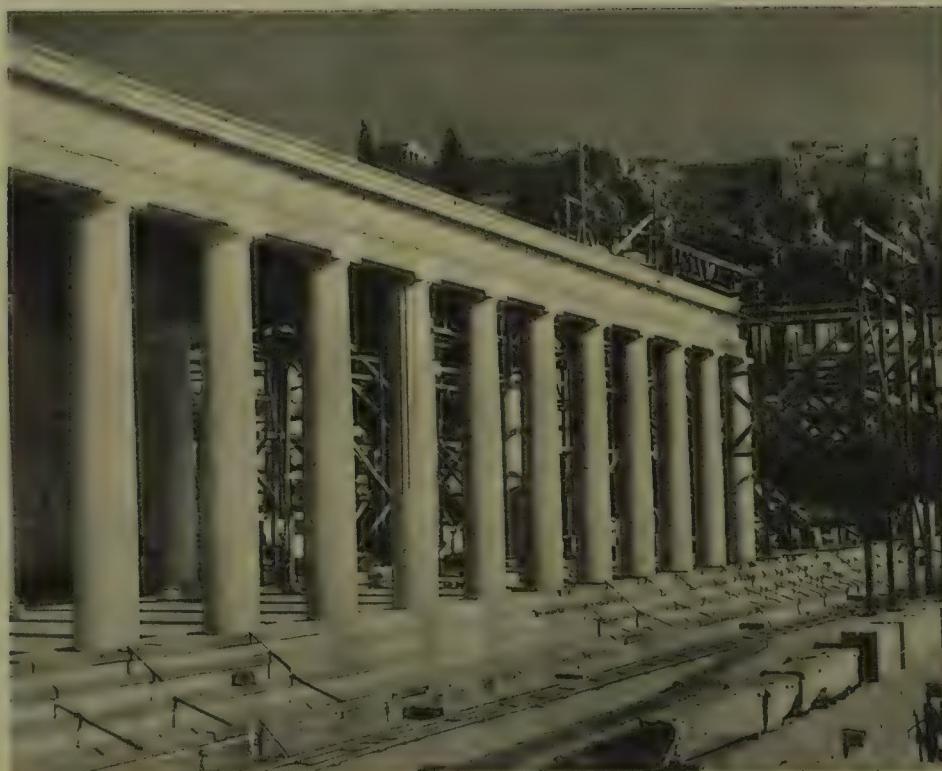
This drawing by the Dutch painter, Max Nauta, is a study for a portrait of Sir Winston Churchill which will be placed in the Netherlands Parliament building. Sir Winston admired the drawing and autographed it and the artist has presented it to Princess Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who celebrated her 75th birthday on Aug. 31. The portrait has been commissioned by a Dutchman, who wishes to remain anonymous. It will be the first painting of a foreign statesman to hang in the Netherlands Parliament building.



Max Nauta



BEFORE BEING MOVED FROM NEPTUNE'S HALL TO THE NEW BARGE HOUSE AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH: THE BARGE OWNED BY FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES IN 1735. On August 31 the Queen's Shallop, which was built in 1689 for Queen Mary II, by King William III, was installed in a newly-constructed barge house at the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. The barge shown in this photograph is now going to share the new barge house with the Queen's Shallop.



FIRST BUILT IN 150 B.C.; SACKED AND BURNT IN A.D. 267; AND NOW BEING REBUILT AS A MUSEUM: THE STOA OF ATTALOS, IN THE AGORA OF ATHENS.

The finds made by the American School at Athens during the many seasons of their excavations of the Agora, or ancient market-place of Athens, are to be housed in a museum on the site, which is being created by the reconstruction in white Pentelic marble of the great Stoa of Attalos of Pergamon.



MR. CHARLES WHEELER, R.A., THE SCULPTOR, COMPLETING STATUES ON THE MERCHANT NAVY MEMORIAL IN TRINITY SQUARE GARDEN, ON TOWER HILL. The Merchant Navy Memorial on Tower Hill is being built by the Imperial War Graves Commission to commemorate 24,000 officers and men who lost their lives in the last war and have no grave but the sea. It is designed by Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., with sculptures by Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A.



A FAMOUS WINTERHALTER PAINTING BROUGHT TO LIFE AT VERSAILLES: THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND HER COURT RECONSTRUCTED IN A FILM, "IF PARIS COULD SPEAK," NOW BEING MADE BY THE ACTOR AND-DIRECTOR, SACHA GUITRY.

WATER, OIL AND ATOMIC POWER: TAPPING THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE WORLD.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LOCH QUOICH DAM, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN ABERDEEN-SHIRE. GLEN QUOICH RUNS SOUTHWARDS FROM THE CAIRNGORMS TO THE DEE. These photographs of work on the Glen Quoich dam, to the north of Deeside and a few miles west of Braemar, illustrate the steady progress being made with hydro-electric schemes in Northern Scotland. Earlier this year it was announced that seventeen hydro-electric power stations were already in operation, a further twenty were under construction and a number of other schemes were under survey. In 1954 Scottish hydro-electric schemes produced 1,183,000,000 units and thus saved about 700,000 tons of coal.



LOOKING ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE GLEN QUOICH DAM, WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY RISE TO THE HEIGHT OF THE VALVE TOWER ON THE RIGHT.



IN THE TURBINE HALL OF THE CALDER HALL POWER STATION, NOW BEING BUILT FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY IN WEST CUMBERLAND.



A RECENT VIEW OF THE CALDER HALL ATOMIC POWER STATION: (FOREGROUND) REACTOR NO. 2; (BACKGROUND) REACTOR NO. 4, WITH (BEHIND) A COOLING-TOWER. The Calder Hall Atomic Power Station in Cumberland, built to generate electricity by means of nuclear energy, is expected to be in operation next year; and to be the first of its kind to feed a national grid in the world. A second station is to be built alongside it during the next 2½ years.



PART OF THE U.S. MILITARY OIL PIPELINE WHICH RUNS FOR 626 MILES FROM HAINES TO FAIRBANKS, THE WELL-KNOWN ALASKAN DEFENCE CENTRE.



THE ALASKAN PIPELINE CROSSING A TRIBUTARY OF KLUANE LAKE, IN THE CANADIAN YUKON.

THE PIPE IS RAISED ON H-FRAMES AGAINST THE DANGER OF FLOODS. We show here photographs of the 626-mile military oil pipeline of the U.S. Army, which was begun in the winter of 1953. It starts at the ice-free port of Haines, in the southern limb of Alaska, then crosses 48 miles of British Columbia and 240 miles of the Yukon before re-entering Alaska. Its purpose is to supply U.S. Army and Air Force bases in Alaska.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF THE DIOCH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

MY plea on this page (April 30, 1955) for more precise investigation of the ways of bullfinches had a mixed reception, as was to be expected. A high proportion of the letters received supported my plea; the rest were divided between those who thought the complaint against these birds was somewhat exaggerated and those who felt it was fully justified. The positive evidence offered was slight and somewhat conflicting. It was gratifying to find that, with one exception, even those who condemned the birds readily confessed to a reluctance in so doing. Matters might go differently if the habits of bullfinches compared with those of the Sudan dioch. I mentioned this bird, more or less in passing, on this page on March 19, 1955. In response to this, Mr. C. E. Wilson kindly sent me copies of his Memoirs published by the Ministry of Agriculture, Sudan Government, in 1948. These embodied his notes made during two years' study in an attempt to obtain an accurate picture of the movements and habits of the dioch. The aim of this was to find a practicable method of controlling their numbers to reduce the damage done each year by them.

The Sudan dioch (*Quelea quelea ethiopica*) is a weaver bird, smaller than a sparrow, which occurs commonly throughout most of tropical Africa, but which has become a serious menace in Central Sudan. The outstanding feature is the heavy red bill. For the rest, the male is marked somewhat like a sparrow on the back, but with under-parts buff, crown and neck sandy-buff and face and throat black. During the dry season he takes on the ash-grey head and neck and the white throat of the hen.

This bird occurs throughout the Sudan from the latitude of Khartoum southwards, but its main concentration is in areas of Kassala, Gedara, Fung and the White Nile. For many years there have been complaints from grain-producers in that area of serious damage to crops. Just prior to the harvest, swarms of these small birds arrive and feed on the grain before it hardens. Such is the damage done that in many instances the total supply of food for a village has been destroyed.

(*Acacia mellifera*), which are thorny bushes 12 to 15 ft. high. There each bush may carry 200 to 400 nests, and a single site may measure up to 20 or more kilometres long by nearly 6 kilometres wide. Four days after arrival, the eggs are laid and a month later the young are on the wing. The nests, which are firmly fixed to the branches, are strongly made of woven grass, with an entrance near the top. This is bent

The daily habits of the dioch are no less remarkable than its numbers. Its method of drinking, for example, is unlike that of most small birds. This is usually done on the wing. The birds gather in bushes alongside the river until a considerable flock has assembled. They then rise and fly to mid-stream, where the whole flock dips to the surface of the water. Each takes one rapid gulp as it touches the water, after which the whole flock rises, returns to the bank and disperses. This manœuvre seems unnecessarily elaborate and concerted. Harriers, which seem usually too slow to take the birds on the wing, will swoop on a drinking flock in mid-stream. When this happens, the panic and confusion causes some of the dioch to be pushed into the water, whence the birds-of-prey can take them at leisure. The usual explanation for flock or herd behaviour is that it is based upon the principle of safety in numbers. Mr. Wilson records, however, a departure from this typical drinking behaviour. This was at a pool in an acacia forest in the Fung. There the birds flew to a place where the stems of tall grasses were projecting from the water. They gripped these with their feet, slid down them until they could take a quick gulp of water, then flew off. Here, also, they were seen taking rapid baths, of three to four seconds' duration, in shallow water. The suggestion was made that the selection of a forest pool in preference to the open river may have been due to the presence of hawks or falcons in the vicinity.

Whatever be the truth of this, it offers a contrast to the behaviour of the young of these birds when feeding. Then, it is almost impossible to frighten them. There is no sign of panic at a human intruder, and they will continue feeding almost until touched.

It is nearly axiomatic that when a species of animal exists in these vast numbers the flocks should be attended by numerous predators, or subject to cyclic epidemics. This seems not to be so with the dioch. To offset the high rate of fertility in the eggs, there are the occasional attacks by hawks and by falcons when the dioch are drinking. Marabout storks have also been seen in the nesting-sites after the young are hatched, standing on the bushes and pulling the young from the nests, but this is not a normal form of predation. Nor do hawks frequent the nesting-sites. During the two years of study, moreover, there were no natural epidemic diseases and only two instances seen, in all these vast numbers, of abnormalities. One was an albino. The other was a bird with one wing, possibly the result of early injury and complete recovery, for it was otherwise normal and healthy. The only observed instances of undue mortality arose from abnormal

MARKED SOMEWHAT LIKE A SPARROW ON THE BACK, BUT WITH UNDER-PARTS BUFF: THE SUDAN DIOCH (*Quelea quelea ethiopica*), SHOWING THE COCK BIRD WITH CROWN AND NECK OF SANDY-BUFF AND FACE AND THROAT BLACK. DURING THE DRY SEASON HE TAKES ON THE ASH-GREY HEAD AND NECK AND THE WHITE THROAT OF THE HEN. THE HEAVY BILL IS ROSE-RED.

over so that the birds can enter from below. The nest is therefore protected from normal predation. The usual clutch is three eggs, and only occasionally are these infertile.

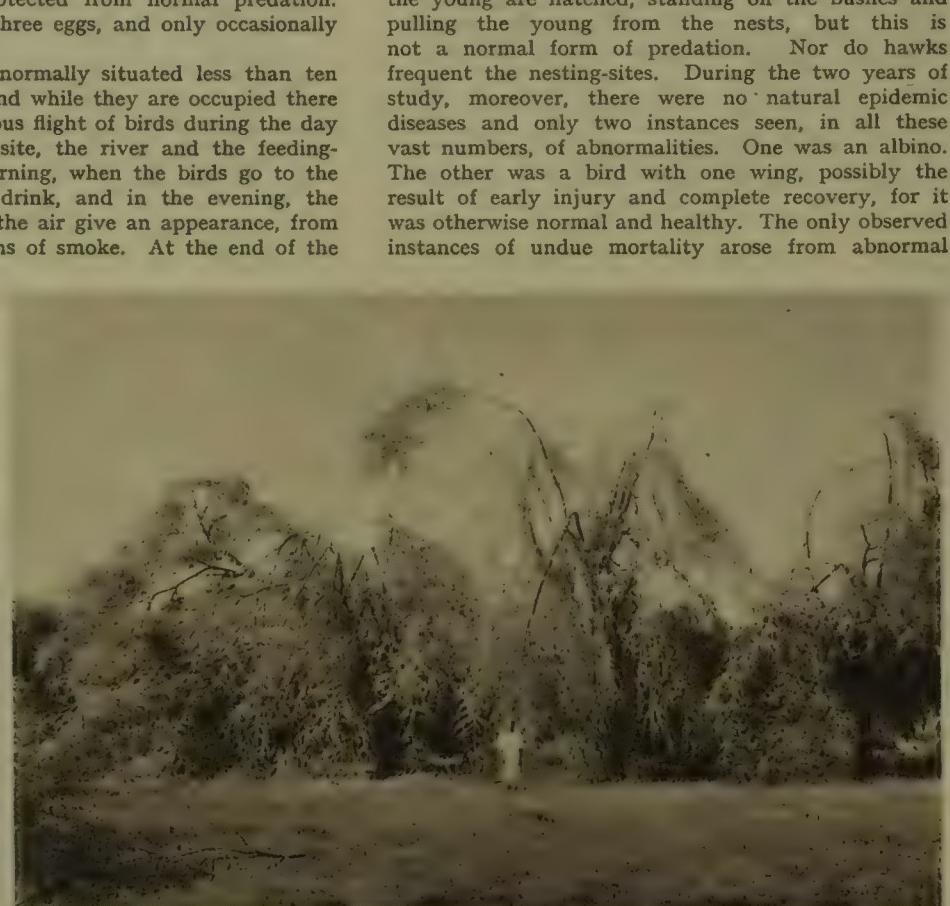
Nesting-sites are normally situated less than ten miles from a river, and while they are occupied there is an almost continuous flight of birds during the day between the nesting-site, the river and the feeding-grounds. In the morning, when the birds go to the river for their first drink, and in the evening, the numbers of birds in the air give an appearance, from a distance, of columns of smoke. At the end of the nesting season they move off in enormous flocks, stopping in the afternoon to feed before roosting and feeding again in the morning before moving on. At such times all the unripe grain in the plantations around a village may be stripped in a few hours. We have nothing comparable with this here, unless it be the flocks of starlings, and it is virtually impossible to do anything about them, as the measures used against the dioch would not be practicable. Stripping the bushes of nests was one method of control used, but the most effective was to dynamite the roosts.

The damage done by the dioch is not limited to the grain eaten; it includes also a fair quantity spoiled. There is also the destruction of trees smashed under the weight of swarms of birds settling in them. An idea of numbers is conveyed also by the observation that even when present in insufficient numbers to break the trees, the early-morning fluttering of awakening birds causes quite a strong wind near the forest floor.



FIRMLY FIXED TO THE BRANCHES: NESTS OF THE DIOCH SEEN IN A BRANCH CUT DOWN FROM A TREE. THE NESTS ARE STRONGLY MADE OF WOVEN GRASS, WITH AN ENTRANCE NEAR THE TOP. A SINGLE BUSH OF KITR (*Acacia mellifera*) MAY CARRY 200 TO 400 NESTS. EACH NEST USUALLY CONTAINS THREE EGGS.

The natural food of the dioch consists of a wide range of small grass seeds which are swallowed whole. The grain, which under cultivation has replaced the natural grasses, cannot be eaten once it has ripened and it is not attacked except in the vicinity of nesting-sites or along migration routes. The description of the nesting and migration habits of the dioch gives a vivid impression of their potentialities for destruction. During late August to early October the birds congregate in immense numbers in suitable areas of kitr



SMASHED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF SWARMS OF BIRDS SETTLING IN THEM: TYPICAL DAMAGE TO TREES CAUSED BY VAST QUANTITIES OF DIOCH.

Photographs by C. E. Wilson.

weather causing the drying-up of the pools, leading to death from starvation.

Cultivated grain forms only a very small proportion of the enormous quantities of food needed to maintain these vast swarms of birds. Even so, its loss is a serious matter to the people dependent upon it. It is because the cultivated grain extends over the dioch's natural feeding areas that the trouble arises. It is a repetition of the story, all too familiar to-day, of the needs of an expanding human population clashing with those of existing wild populations.





FILLING THE SKY WITH A DARK CLOUD OF WINGS : A SWARM OF DIOCH LEAVING THEIR ROOST IN THE EARLY MORNING AS THE SUN BEGINS TO RISE.



JUST BEFORE DUSK : A SWARM OF DIOCH COMING IN TO ROOST. FROM A DISTANCE THE NUMBERS OF BIRDS IN THE AIR LOOK LIKE COLUMNS OF SMOKE.

A PLAGUE OF DIOCH : BIRDS WHICH ARE A SERIOUS MENACE IN CENTRAL SUDAN AND ELSEWHERE.

The remarkable story of the Sudan dioch (*Quelea quelea æthiopica*) is discussed by Dr. Burton in his article on the facing page in which he refers to Mr. C. E. Wilson's Memoirs, published by the Ministry of Agriculture, Sudan Government, in 1948, which embody notes made during two years' study in an attempt to obtain an accurate picture of the movements and habits of the dioch. The Sudan dioch is a weaver bird, smaller than a sparrow, which occurs commonly throughout most of tropical Africa, but has become a serious menace in Central Sudan. Kenya, according to recent reports, is also suffering (as Tanganyika has often suffered) from a plague of these birds, which some people consider are even worse than locusts. The damage done by the dioch is not confined to the grain eaten,

although it is estimated that 1,000,000 birds can get through about 250 acres of grain a day, but they also spoil more grain than they actually eat. During the dry season great mechanical damage is done in riverain forests, when the swarms of birds settling in the trees smash them by their weight. Both in the Sudan and in Kenya big swarms of dioch have been controlled by literally blowing them up, and the French in Senegal are also dynamiting dioch roosts. The nesting sites are usually situated about five to ten miles from a river. During the nesting period there is an almost continuous flight of birds during the day between the nesting site, the river, and feeding areas; the most definite flights occurring in the early morning, when the birds go to get their first drink, and in the evening.

Photographs by C. E. Wilson.

THE SHORT LENGTH OF TIME ALLOWABLE TO THE PILOT WHEN COMING IN TO LAND ON A CARRIER'S DECK IN THESE DAYS OF VERY FAST AIRCRAFT HAS PRESENTED A SERIOUS PROBLEM TO THE FLEET AIR ARM. TODAY DECK LANDING SPEEDS VARY BETWEEN 85 AND 120 KNOTS WHICH IS GETTING NEAR THE LIMIT OF THE TIME ALLOWED THE PILOT TO PERFORM ALL THE DUTIES REQUIRED FOR A SUCCESSFUL LANDING.

THE TIME TAKEN FOR A PILOT TO CHANGE HIS LINE OF SIGHT FROM OUTSIDE TO INSIDE THE COCKPIT AND LOOK AT HIS INSTRUMENTS AND MAKE CORRECTIVE ACTION.



1. TO LOOK AT AN INSTRUMENT REQUIRING REFLEX TO BE ESTABLISHED FOR A MUSCLE MOVEMENT. 0.17 SEC.

2. MOVEMENT OF THE EYE ITSELF—
TIME INSTRUMENT—0.05 SEC.

3. TO FOCUS THE EYE ON THE INSTRUMENT—0.5 SEC.

4 AND 4A TO OBTAIN CONSCIOUSNESS OF WHAT THE INSTRUMENT IS TELLING HIM. THE TIME OF THIS RESULTANT CORRECTIVE ACTION BY THE MUSCLES—TOTAL 1.59 SEC. ONLY 0.87 SEC. LEFT FOR THE PILOT TO MAKE THE LOST PART OF A MINUTE.

AVERAGE PERCENTAGE OF TIME OCCUPIED BY PILOT IN USING HIS EYES DURING FINAL APPROACH.



AIR SPEED INDICATOR, SHOWING MARGIN OF SAFETY BAND.
THE MARGIN BETWEEN "STALL" AND OVER-SHOOT (ARRESTOR-WIRE BREAK) AT THIS SPEED IS VERY SMALL.

DURING THE FINAL APPROACH THE PILOT MUST KEEP HIS SPEED WITHIN THE SAFETY BAND.

SAFETY BAND.

32 PER CENT OF PILOT'S TIME HE LOOKS AT HIS INSTRUMENT.

12 PER CENT OF HIS TIME IS SPENT IN MUSCLE MOVEMENTS DURING THE TWO.

PILOT SPENDS 56 PER CENT OF HIS TIME LOOKING AHEAD.

HAND SIGNALLING IS TOO SLOW FOR MODERN LANDINGS AND THE DECK LANDING AID IS NOW IN GENERAL USE.

DATUM LIGHTS.



APPROACH MIRROR.

APPROACH TOO HIGH.

APPROACH CORRECT.

THE SOURCE LIGHT WHEN REFLECTED FROM THE MIRROR IS SEEN BY THE APPROACHING PILOT WHO CORRECTS THE APPROXIMATE POSITION AND HEIGHT BY COMPARING THE MIRROR LIGHT WITH THE DATUM LIGHTS.

WHEN COMING IN TO LAND ON THE OF A MODERN NAVAL FIGHTER AIRCRAFT OR THE FINAL APPROACH PATH THE AIRCRAFT WITH THE CENTRE OF THE LANDING SPEED BY OBSERVING THE SIGNALS

AS THE CLOSING AND LANDING TIME DECREASES WITH THE ADVENT OF STILL FASTER AIRCRAFT, IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT VISUAL AIDS BECOME "OVERLOADED". IN OTHER WORDS THE EYE COULD NOT CARRY OUT ITS FUNCTIONS IN THE TIME ALLOWED, SO THAT ANOTHER SENSE HAD TO BE EMPLOYED. AS HEARING IS EVEN MORE EFFICIENT THAN SIGHT IN MANY CASES, THE "AUDIO" SYSTEM WAS ADOPTED, AND HAS PROVED ITS WORTH UNDER TEST.

IN THE "AUDIO" SYSTEM THE PILOT RECEIVES AIR SPEED TONE SIGNALS IN WIDELY DIFFERING NOTES.

FAST.

ONE SIGNAL CONSISTS OF A HIGH NOTE.

SLOW.

THE OTHER SIGNAL IS AN INTERRUPTED LOW NOTE.

THE PRESSURE FROM THE PILOT HEAD OPERATES A "BELLOWS-LIKE" CAPSULE, THIS, WHEN EXPANDED, MAKES ELECTRICAL CONTACT AGAINST THE MOTOR, WHICH IS TURNED BY A SERVO DISC. THIS IN TURN OPERATES THE TONE GENERATOR IN WHICH A PERFORATED DISC MOVING BETWEEN COILS INDUCES THE REQUIRED TONE SIGNAL IN THE COILS.



DAL-110 IS A VERY FINE FIGHTER AIRCRAFT WHICH "AUDIO" WILL BE USED IN LANDINGS ON CARRIERS.

TONE GENERATOR, MAGNET, 4 COILS, PERFORATED DISC, MOTOR.

HOW THE PILOT HEARS THE WARNING SIGNALS.

SPEED BAND.

TOO SLOW.

SLOW BUT SAFE.

FAST BUT SAFE.

TOO FAST.

LOW, INTERRUPTED NOTE, INCREASING WITH SPEED.

CONTINUOUS HIGH NOTE.

HIGH INTERRUPTED NOTE, INCREASING WITH SPEED.

INTERRUPTED LOW NOTE.

CARRIER'S FLIGHT DECK. THE PILOT HAS 1.59 APPROXIMATELY 1.59 SECONDS TO SPARE. IN THIS SPACE OF TIME HE MUST ALIGN HIS LANE, AND MAINTAIN CORRECT HEIGHT AND BY EYE OR EAR SENT OUT BY THE CARRIER.



SIGHT LINE FROM DECK LANDING AID TO PILOT.

FINAL APPROACH PATH—
TIME TAKEN ON FINAL APPROACH AND LANDING IS APPROXIMATELY 1.59 SEC.

THE CIRCULAR TRACK TECHNIQUE USED FOR LANDING ON CARRIERS.

FOLLOWING AIRCRAFT COMING IN.

IF AN AIRCRAFT FAILS TO LAND ATTEMPT IT WILL TAKE ITS PLACE LAST IN THE CIRCLE OF MILES AND COME IN AGAIN AND THEN MAKE A SECOND ATTEMPT TO LAND LATER.

A FURTHER CONTRIBUTION TO THE SAFE LANDING OF CARRIER AIRCRAFT: "AUDIO"—

As a further contribution to the safe landing of aircraft on the flight-deck of aircraft carriers a new device for indicating air speed by sound has been developed for the Royal Air Force by the Royal Institute of Aviation Medicine at Farnborough. This device, known as "Audio," is a simple device which gives an immediate indication from carriers of the faster, heavier and more powerful aircraft which are now being used or have been commissioned. On these pages our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, explains in a series of diagrams the new Audio device, which works "on the principle

of an electric organ," and gives its assurance as to correct speed and warning of incorrect speed in the pilot's earphones as a background to the voice reception for which the earphones are primarily intended. The sound made by the aircraft was a familiar method, whereby the pilot assessed his speed in the very early days of flying, when some pilot was incapable of accurate visual instruments. Now they do not have easily visible earphones, but the pilot adds another sense of hearing into use and enables the pilot to appreciate his speed without taking his eyes from the deck sight.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE

A NEW DEVICE FOR INDICATING AIR SPEED BY SOUND—DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED.

A system which will safely assess speed—as Audio will—to a quarter of a knot. Audio was devised in conjunction with the mirror sight-deck landing aid, which is being installed in the latest carriers to give pilots the correct angle of approach. A system of coloured lights introduced in conjunction with the mirror landing aid has now been abandoned, as it could add unnecessary light clutter, as they did not give easily visible earphones, but the pilot adds another sense of hearing into use and enables the pilot to appreciate his speed without taking his eyes from the deck sight.

CO-OPERATION OF THE R.A.F. INSTITUTE OF AVIATION MEDICINE.

The apparatus itself is relatively simple and is made in two separate parts, each of which fits into boxes which can be placed in any convenient part of the aircraft. A prototype was tested in a Sea Hawk with a camera to record the pilot's reactions, and it was found that when using the Audio air-speed indicator very few visual differences were apparent to the pilot in appreciating speed. The pilot seemed to have more time to look around and appreciate the area of approach. A Sea Hawk squadron has now been fitted with Audio, which has proved quite successful.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BRUSHING UP THE CLASSICS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

FIRST, eternal Rome. We have usually reached the Old Vic company in Edinburgh by climbing the Mound and making our grave way into the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, past the pictures of veteran divines who look as if they consent to the affair unwillingly—and that, too, after nine annual Festivals. 1955 has brought a change. We drove along Princes Street on a misty August evening, with the Castle huge in the vapour above us, and came round to the Royal Lyceum Theatre, to "Julius Cæsar" and to the darkest Rome, a mourning Rome indeed, that I remember on the modern stage.

It seemed odd that this tragedy, of them all, should not be on the wide spaces of the Assembly platform. Still, Michael Benthall, the Vic director, had coped with it ably, though the action had to be cramped between two great pillars that rose out of our sight. We saw their bases alone; the conspirators and the crowds seemed petty beside them. Was not this Rome eternal? Later in the play the battle scenes were staged between the same pillars, now cleft and crumbled. Rome was riven by dissent. Where was her enduring glory?

There are fine things in this revival—it has just opened in London at the Old Vic—but on that night in Edinburgh some of the excitement passed me by. The conspiracy appeared at first to be a matter of routine. A capable production, yes, but without the "lift" and tingle we needed. It moved me first when Wendy Hiller's Portia came to Brutus in the orchard. She is not a practised speaker of Shakespearean verse, but she is an affecting actress, and for the first time in several revivals I did feel for Portia. Miss Hiller was exploring the speech freshly, not reeling it off as a set-piece. And it was a pleasure to hear her call herself "Cato's daughter" without the infuriating false

and Richard Wordsworth are actors of mettle. Here they have still to dominate. Mr. Rogers, in a full beard, is (for him) a curiously heavy Brutus; no doubt he will grow into the part, but I felt that he was recalling his Cassius with regret. (Personally, in this play I would choose Mr. Rogers for Cæsar; he might be able to fasten the man in our minds.) Richard Wordsworth, the present Cassius, can rightly whip the verse: he is a stinging speaker, but he needs, I think, to lose some of the mannerisms developed during his

to meet it when (as probably it will) it arrives in the West End, within a picture-frame. I saw it at Edinburgh on a day when a scorching sun had dispersed the mists. Inside the Assembly Hall we were, fittingly, under the rule of Apollo in the land of Thessaly; and yet a vague mist hung about the stage, a mist of Wilder's moralising. We are aware that he can speak with a clear, full voice, but too often in the theatre his voice wanders, our attention is blunted, our eyes are dimmed.

Its diffuseness is the trouble with "A Life in the Sun." Wilder is talking about what (so he tells us) Kierkegaard called "the incommensurability of things human and divine." It can be hard for those loved by the gods. The chosen tale is that of Alcestis, who goes to her death to save the life of King Admetus, her husband. Hercules brings her back from the shades. The second act follows the Euripidean pattern. In the first act the young Princess becomes the bride of Admetus; in the last, as an aged slave at a tyrant's Court, she is ready for the summons of Apollo. This last scene has one piercing moment: the aged woman (Irene Worth acts her with simple truth) realises that in the land of Greece children are told of the love of Admetus and Alcestis as a great legend. Earlier the Queen's return from death has its theatrical stab. And yet, perversely, I may remember first Geoffrey Dunn's few minutes of comedy as a peevish, thoroughly bored ancient—Teiresias, messenger from Delphi. He has come to bring a message to some King or other—Admetus, is it? He doesn't know; for all he cares, it could be Minos or Oedipus—anyway, it is a message, and very dull it is. The crackling ancient, swaying tetchily about the stage, is a creation in which Wilder, Guthrie, and Dunn have delighted. Robert Hardy (Admetus), Rupert Davies (the roaring plain man, Hercules) and Michael David (Apollo, the sun-god) shine in a piece that has not yet found itself, though it leaves much to recall.

I preferred R. C. Sherriff's "The Long Sunset," which has opened the autumn season of Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Here is a play entirely without fuss and parade, produced (by Bernard Hepton) and acted (especially by Kenneth Mackintosh and Nancie Jackson) with an unforced dignity. We are in Britain during the year 410. Rome has been sacked by Alaric. The legions have left the far western province of the Empire. The Empire itself crumbles. Sherriff shows how a Roman household goes out into the dark: behind, the glimmer on a Christian altar is steadfast in the night. It is a valiant, lucid play. Sherriff has never over-written.



"THIS ANTONY X-RAYS THE LINES: WE HAVE TO BE GRATEFUL TO MR. NEVILLE FOR THE PRECISION OF HIS THOUGHT": MARK ANTONY (JOHN NEVILLE) IS CONFRONTED IN THE SENATE BY CÆSAR'S MURDERERS IN A SCENE FROM THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CÆSAR."

long run of character parts. I could not help discerning, as shadows behind Cassius, certain other people far from marmoreal Rome.

Now that "Julius Cæsar" has reached Waterloo Road, it will have plenty of time to rise. Maybe, by now, the Calpurnia has put more force into "the noise of battle *hurled* in the air"; maybe the last ragged scenes do not droop like a tattered banner as they did at Edinburgh, and some of the smaller parts are more closely calculated and defined. A production, one would say, that in spite of its high moments is still in the second class.

While "Caesar" held the Lyceum, Thornton Wilder—from the stage of the Assembly Hall—invited us to brush up our Greek. Wilder wrote this play, "A Life in the Sun," expressly for the Assembly Hall's platform, and, one presumes, for production by Tyrone Guthrie. Nobody could have put it on better than Mr. Guthrie has, or used the resources of the hall and its vast acting area with more craft and authority. But does the play deserve all this trouble? I cannot say that it is satisfying, though I shall be eager



"A PIECE THAT HAS NOT YET FOUND ITSELF, THOUGH IT LEAVES MUCH TO RECALL": THORNTON WILDER'S NEW PLAY "A LIFE IN THE SUN" WHICH HAD ITS WORLD PREMIÈRE AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. A SCENE FROM ACT TWO SHOWING HERCULES (RUPERT DAVIES—RIGHT FOREGROUND); KING ADMETUS (ROBERT HARDY—CENTRE) AND AGLAIA (MADELEINE CHRISTIE—KNEELING, RIGHT CENTRE).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"JULIUS CAESAR" (Old Vic).—I have written on this page of the production as it appeared at the Edinburgh Festival. (Opened at Old Vic, September 7.)

"A LIFE IN THE SUN" (Edinburgh Festival).—Thornton Wilder's play, which I mentioned last week, is discussed more fully above. (August 22.)

"ACT OF MADNESS" (Edinburgh Festival).—A disappointing police-state drama presented by the London Club Theatre Group at St. Mary's Hall, and distinguished by the performance of John Stratton as twins, a shambling lout and a steely police chief. (August 23.)

"DEAD ON NINE" (Westminster).—A cunningly-wrought puzzle-play, by Jack Poplewell, that depends entirely upon its plot. Andrew Cruckshank, representing the higher levels of the police force, is precisely right. (August 24.)

"THE LONG SUNSET" (Birmingham Repertory Theatre).—Journey's end, in R. C. Sherriff's new play, is the end of Roman Britain in the darkness after the fall of Rome. It is a drama of true emotion that for me is worth a dozen plays more pretentious. The Birmingham cast—especially Kenneth Mackintosh and Nancie Jackson—acts it as it deserves. (August 30.)

And he has been wise to forget the figure of the romantic Arthur, who here could have been a distraction; instead he has shown to us the rough soldier of fortune, a study doubtless nearer to the truth (and one in which the actor, Geoffrey Taylor, has skilfully abetted his dramatist). I hope that I shall have another chance of writing about "The Long Sunset." It is not a play to be brushed off lightly. While watching it, I remembered the crumbling pillars Audrey Cruddas has devised for the last scenes of "Julius Cæsar." Here in once-Roman Britain, the pillars have been razed; already building begins anew.



"O MIGHTY CÆSAR! DOST THOU LIE SO LOW?": MARK ANTONY (JOHN NEVILLE) SPEAKS OVER THE BODY OF THE DEAD CÆSAR (GERALD CROSS) IN "JULIUS CÆSAR." THE CURRENT OLD VIC PRODUCTION WAS STAGED AT THE ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE DURING THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL AND OPENED IN LONDON AT THE OLD VIC ON SEPTEMBER 7.

emphasis we have heard on this phrase. William Charles Macready never spoke any line that he did not understand; one senses this with Wendy Hiller. There is no quality of bluff.

Portia, then, will be a memory of the new "Cæsar." Another, and less surprisingly, will be the Mark Antony (John Neville). Here, also, the actor appears to us to be thinking the part into life—a task incredibly difficult in the Oration, one of the most rubbed passages in the Shakespearean theatre. This Antony X-rays the lines: we have to be grateful to Mr. Neville for the precision of his thought, the urgency of his expression. He is at once loyal friend, astute tactician. The speech thrusts strongly at our emotions, and the actor is helped by the Roman crowd which, well directed as it is now, must always have, collectively, a leading part in "Cæsar."

I shall think of the conspirators' dazed silence when Caesar at last lies dead; of the mob outburst that takes the life of Cinna the poet; of the ultimate moment when Antony utters "the noblest Roman of them all" above the corpse of Brutus, and the producer (having reasonably transposed two speeches) brings down the curtain on "This was a man." But I am not happy yet about Brutus and Cassius. As we know, Paul Rogers

THE DUKE OF KENT ON AN ARMY COURSE FOR
GUNNERY, TANK DRIVING AND MAINTENANCE.



RECEIVING INSTRUCTION ON A SUB-CALIBRE MINIATURE RANGE SHOOTING DEVICE ATTACHED TO A CENTURION TANK: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, WHO IS ON AN OFFICERS' COURSE.



UNDERGOING TRAINING IN A CLASSROOM INSTRUCTIONAL MOUNTING: THE DUKE OF KENT, WHO IS LEARNING GUNNERY, TANK DRIVING AND VEHICLE MAINTENANCE.



GUNLAYING IN A CLASSROOM INSTRUCTIONAL MOUNTING: SECOND-LIEUTENANT HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT WITH (LEFT) ANOTHER OFFICER, OBSERVING.



HANDLING A DUMMY SHELL IN THE TURRET OF THE CLASSROOM INSTRUCTIONAL MOUNTING: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, WHO WAS RECENTLY GAZETTED AS A 2ND LIEUTENANT TO THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.



SEATED INSIDE THE GUN TURRET OF A CLASSROOM INSTRUCTIONAL MOUNTING, WITH A SECTION CUT AWAY FOR DEMONSTRATIONAL PURPOSES: THE DUKE OF KENT, AT THE R.A.C. DEPOT GUNNERY SCHOOL, LULWORTH.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, nineteen-year-old first cousin of the Queen, recently passed out of Sandhurst and was gazetted as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys. He returned from a holiday in the South of France on August 27 and is now undergoing an eleven-weeks course for officers in gunnery, tank driving and vehicle maintenance at the Royal Armoured Corps dépôt Gunnery School,

Lulworth. Part of the instruction takes place in a classroom instructional mounting and some out of doors. The Royal Scots Greys were placed on the establishment in 1681 as the Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons, and appear to have been first mounted on grey horses in 1700. They were one of the two last British Cavalry regiments to be mechanised.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A GREAT GARDENER—A TRUE FRIEND.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THERE is a page of entries in my Pocket Diary and Note Book, dated August 9, and headed "Send to T.H." There follows

a list of plants and seeds—*Nerine "Hera," Rosa alpina nana*, seeds of the carmine form of *Eccremocarpus scaber*, a pan of seedlings of the Italian cypress, *Cupressus sempervirens*, and so forth. Those notes of promised contributions to a wonderful garden were made under the very happiest circumstances. Reading them to-day fills me with sadness. The plants and seeds will never be sent. My wife and I were paying a brief visit, a night, a day, and a bit of a day, to Lord Horder at his Hampshire home, Ashford Chace. We left late on the Tuesday afternoon, and on the Saturday evening we heard, on the wireless, the numbing news that Lord Horder had died that day, after a heart attack. Numbing news, and hard to realise. I had lost a true friend of some forty years standing, and without a doubt humanity had lost a very great benefactor and friend.

Shortly after Lord Horder (Tommy to his friends) had bought Ashford Chace he invited me to spend a long week-end with him there. At that time there was relatively little garden, though there were plantings of fine conifers and other trees, and splendid beechwoods towering up, sheltering and surrounding the steep coomb which fell away below the house. A small stream flowed down the floor of the coomb, feeding some commercial watercress-beds.

During the whole of my stay there, the garden, and plans for planting and improving it, were the main absorbing interest, but not the sole interest for me. Whilst there I had the pleasure of being "attended by Horder." For a few hours I was one of his patients. It was early spring, with a viciously cold spell. On the Saturday evening I developed a slight chill, and quite early was ordered to bed, or, rather, taken off to bed, by my host. Did he ring for a maid to light a fire in my room? Not on your life. He went off himself and fetched sticks, paper and coal, and went down on his hunkers and soon had a glorious blaze going. Then he fetched a carafe of water, a tumbler and a bottle of medicine, put them by my bedside, told me to drink as much of the medicine as I could retain, and assured me that I would be as right as rain in the morning. I was. I made a mental note of the name on that bottle of medicine. The maker's name was Dewar, and the particular prescription had been dispensed for Queen Victoria, and was not, I believe, obtainable in the ordinary way. That little incident was typical of Lord Horder. He did such things himself, and did them thoroughly. I remember years later a neighbour of mine in Hertfordshire was grievously ill, and Horder was called in. Among other things, he decreed that there must be a trained nurse. But he did not just leave it at that. He got on to the telephone and spent a long, long time ransacking London until he secured exactly the right nurse for that special case, and the circumstances.

During the years that I was running my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage (now no more), I made an annual event of an Autumn Sale, conducted by Messrs. Prothero and Morris, to dispose of surplus stock—and a good deal of very choice stock which was by no means surplus. Lord Horder was a very regular attendant at those sales, and bought lavishly, but with wisdom, and the discrimination of a connoisseur. During my recent visit to Ashford Chace, I saw several good plants which had originated from those pleasant annual Six Hills sales, especially a superb specimen of *Mahonia lomariifolia*, the most perfect I have ever seen. It stood 8 or 10 ft. high, full and shapely, and furnished from top to bottom with its

handsome palm-like leaves. For long, Lord Horder had promised to take the first opportunity of coming to see what I have been up to since I came to live in the Cotswolds. But it was not until towards the end of June this year that the opportunity arose. He was to attend a dinner-party with professional colleagues in the neighbourhood, and arranged to come to luncheon here. He motored here, driving himself, from Ashford Chace, a distance of 70 or 80 miles, and it was typical of him that he arrived, to the minute, at the time he had said he would be here. After lunch he spent four solid hours inspecting my garden, my son's garden near by, and my son's nursery, and then, after a dish of tea, he motored on to his dinner appointment, no small distance away. That seemed to me a remarkable performance for a man of eighty-four! He paid us another visit about a week later, bringing a friend this time, and doing the double journey from Ashford Chace and back in the day, and enjoying another intensive garden foray whilst here. I fancy, however, that the friend did at least some of the driving.

It was on that occasion that it was arranged that

series of pools for bog and waterside plants. There were terraces and formal architectural features, herbaceous borders and enclosed secret

gardens where special plants were massed—iris, paony, polyanthus and roses—and the sloping sides and the lap of the coomb were planted with superb flowering trees and shrubs, and trees such as Cercidiphyllum, Acer and Parrotia for autumn colour, all of them vigorous and flourishing, thanks to the wise selecting and wise planting that one would expect from such a wise gardener. There were no rhododendrons or azaleas, for the soil at Ashford Chace is strongly alkaline. One of the finest shrubs that I saw was a vast specimen of *Hydrangea sargentiana*, 12 or 15 ft. high, its great velvet leaves surmounted by the handsome flower-heads. Around its base were several hearty young suckers, which especially pleased their owner as potential gifts for digging out for visiting enthusiasts. There was an Alpine house in which the plants, instead of being grown in pans, were planted out in raised beds on either side of a central path. Here grew the finest specimen of *Erinacea pungens* that I ever saw, a dense, rounded hedgehog of a shrub, with grey spines, stems and foliage, and flowers like lavender-blue gorse blossoms.

Lord Horder was a great believer in compost, and he showed us his compost factory, a battery of a dozen or more specially-constructed bins, each about 10 ft. by 6 ft. and roofed over against rain, so that water to assist rotting-down the garden refuse was under control.

But he did not resort to mystic potions of honeydew gathered from the sukebind flower during a waning moon—or whatever it is fanatics use to stimulate fermentation and fertility. Nor did he whisper special incantations over the compost bins. Quite frankly, he used "something out of a bag," sulphate of ammonia, in controlled doses, with excellent results.

Lord Horder gave us a delicious account of an overseas visitor who was anxious to "see an English garden," and so was sent to Ashford Chace. A lawn near the house had not been mown for several days, and she went into ecstasies over the fine crop of daisies. "And did you really plant all those pretty little white flowers?" she enquired. I don't fancy that he took her much further than the lawn.

On my first visit to Ashford Chace I had the pleasure of becoming "a Horder patient." On this recent visit I assumed the rôle of doctor, "attending" Lord Horder's sciatica. Before we set out on our tour of the garden I said I thought that perhaps I had better feel his pulse. Instantly he played up as patient and gravely held out his arm, like some charming, obedient, trusting child. Later, at the farthest end of the garden, he addressed me as doctor, and said he'd like me to feel his pulse again. I also had to sound his chest, with grave tappings, front and back, after which he said he felt much better.

When we left on the Tuesday afternoon he insisted on motoring us himself to the boat-ferry for the Isle of Wight, a matter of 45 miles or so—and back. He assured us that driving was rather a relief to the sciatica.

From the Isle of Wight I sent him a little parcel of rooted cuttings which I had promised, and in reply came a postcard, written on the Friday, the evening before he died. It must have been one of the last things he ever wrote. It said:

"Many thanks."

I am better, Doctor.
T."



ASHFORD CHACE, PETERSFIELD, THE HOME OF THE LATE LORD HORDER FOR THE LAST THIRTY-SIX YEARS.



IN THE GARDENS OF ASHFORD CHACE: "THE WATERCRESS-BEDS HAD GONE AND THE STREAM WHICH HAD FED THEM HAD BEEN DAMMED AT INTERVALS TO FORM A SERIES OF POOLS FOR BOG AND WATERSIDE PLANTS."

Photographs by "Gardening Illustrated."

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

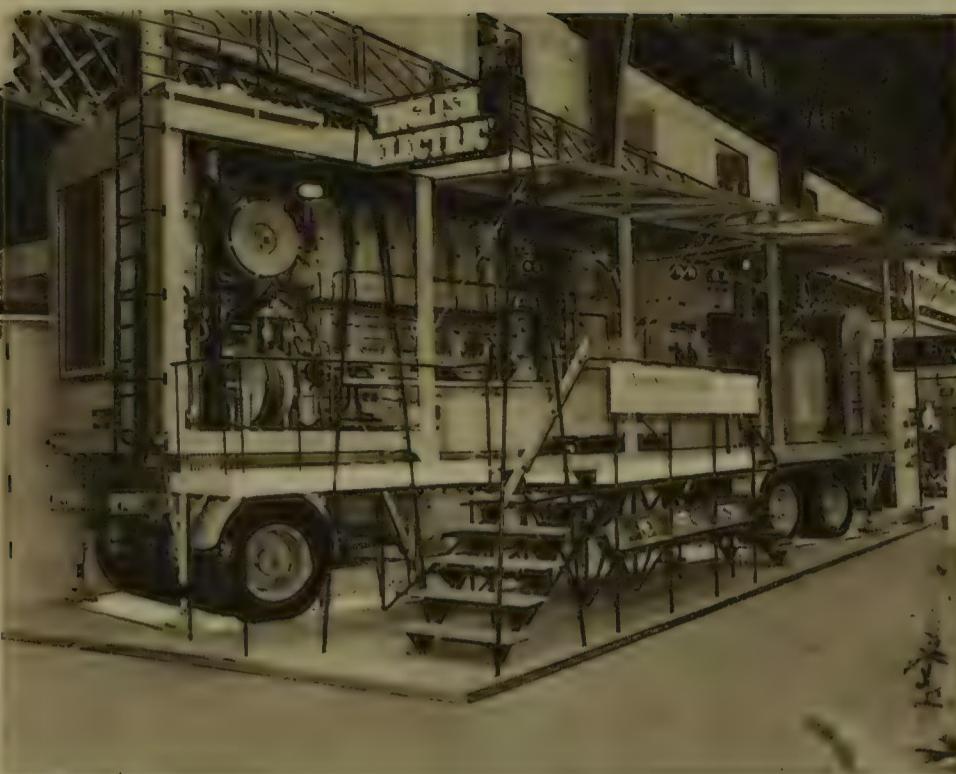
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AN OUTBOARD MOTOR ON THE GRAND SCALE—WEIGHING 2½ TONS AND SUITABLE FOR A VESSEL OF 250-500 TONS.



A SHIP'S LIFEBOAT OF REINFORCED GLASS FIBRE, BUILT UNDER MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT SURVEY TO CARRY FORTY PEOPLE.

The Engineering Exhibition—or, to give it its full title, the Engineering, Marine and Welding Exhibition and Foundry Trades' Exhibition, opened at Olympia on September 1 and was to remain open until September 15. Among the visitors on the first day were five representatives of the Russian Ministry of Shipbuilding who are reported to have said that they wished to see what was on offer. These exhibits were of an extremely wide range and were displayed on no fewer than 500 stands. The majority of these were of a technical nature more interesting



TO REPLACE THE CUMBERSOME "IRON LUNG": A PORTABLE NYLON FABRIC RESPIRATOR FOR USE IN POLIOMYELITIS CASES. IT WORKS FROM POWER MAINS, OR BATTERIES.

to the engineer than the general public, but among those of a wider interest was a respirator for poliomyelitis cases, a replacement for the extremely cumbersome "iron lung" and so light that the patient can be transported comfortably in the back of a small car. It weighs only 80 lb. or, with an emergency auxiliary power unit, 150 lb. The mobile power station shown on this page is one of twelve being built for the L.C.C. Civil Defence Programme. The unit, which can supply a village of 400 people or a large hospital, is mounted on a 16-wheel trailer.



I ALWAYS deal with complaints in as polite a manner as possible—at least, I hope I do—but here is one over which I must be unusually firm. All that is best in everything, says this correspondent, whether in printing or furniture or ceramics, has been produced in England; therefore, don't waste time upon anything else. That such opinions can still apparently be held would be alarming were it not so absurd; it has been just this type of besotted patriotism which has led people the other side of the Iron Curtain to claim the priority of invention of pretty well everything from the circulation of the blood to the aeroplane. Another facet of this blinkerdom—a nice word that, meaning a state of mind in which you go about the world insulated from fact—is the refusal of some of us to work with either Italians or Poles; but I mustn't wander off into a discussion of the more squalid of our industrial discontents.

We have plenty of achievements to our credit without having to snatch away other people's glory, but we have to admit that, in the matter of pottery and porcelain in the pre-industrial age (I'm not talking about the post-Wedgwood years), we were lagging behind Europe, just as Europe was lagging far behind China. However vigorous and lively our own productions—and few things are more engaging—they are clumsy and barbarous compared with what was being produced contemporaneously in the Far East, and had, indeed, been produced continuously for centuries. To make a comparison which I think makes the point clear, here are two pieces, one of porcelain, one of pottery, one Chinese, one English. The English dish can be dated to about the year 1680, the Chinese a few years later. I can't produce an

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CHINA AND EUROPE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

brown—for its historic interest, for the vigour and liveliness of its design, for its rustic promise rather than its performance. Indeed, we might well say that it exhibits just those qualities in which the more mature Chinese dish is lacking, for, to the sensitive eye, such timeless perfection holds the seed of decadence—where do we go from there? The answer is, broadly speaking, that the Chinese potters kept up this extraordinary level of achievement for another century, and after that, for various reasons, went down-hill. What is surprising—and one meets the phenomenon every few hundred years or so in Chinese history—is that such technical accomplishments survived so many appalling disasters.

art-director of the factory, Johann Gregor Herold. It is a vigorous and amusing drawing of a landscape in which two ladies, seated in a curious kind of elongated buggy, are being driven over the country-side by a bewigged coachman who handles his team of four spotted horses (perhaps piebald would be a more polite adjective) with professional aplomb; if we could follow, we should find them moving towards three men on horseback and a fourth on foot, holding a gun. In the interior of the bowl is a spray of flowers. Yet, however rare and important and interesting this bowl might be, however well-balanced and lively the pictorial sense of its designer, we must still admit, I suggest, that the 1720's are still early days; the great

achievements are yet to come, and with them the rise of the dozen or so other German factories (for every other German princeling had ambitions in this direction), and, of course, Vincennes and Sèvres and, to mention no other country, our own not inconsiderable experiments at Bow and Chelsea and Worcester; all of them, to some degree at least, working with more than half-an-eye on Meissen, and many of them going so far as to imitate the famous Meissen crossed-sabers mark, so great was its fame. It seems that, in general, management methods followed a set formula; the art-director would get together a series of designs, many of them engravings after the fashionable painters of the day, and sometimes—if he happened to have definite ideas of his own—would vary them with drawings by himself. So you often find identical models made at different factories, while there would be, from time to time, movement of designers and work-people from one factory to another; consequently, it is unusual



FIG. 2. VIGOROUS AND LIVELY IN DESIGN BUT NOTABLE FOR "ITS RUSTIC PROMISE RATHER THAN ITS PERFORMANCE": AN ENGLISH STAFFORDSHIRE SLIP-WARE DISH, c. 1670-1680. (Diameter, 20½ ins.)

This English dish, more or less contemporary with the Chinese porcelain piece of Fig. 1, is of pottery. The light yellow ground is decorated in shades of brown slip, the well bears the Royal arms of England with supporters, crowned helmet and mantling motto, and Garter and the initials "C. R." (for King Charles II.). It is notable for the vigour and liveliness of its design, "for its rustic promise rather than its performance." (By courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Mo.)

We not unnaturally look upon our troubles during the 1640's, ending in the execution of the King, as a fairly serious matter, but it was a mere scrap between bantams compared to what was happening in China, for the Ming Dynasty ended in 1643 amid a welter of blood, and the following year a Tartar prince, a child of six, became Emperor. His reign lasted until 1662, by which time Charles II. was on the throne, and our civil war a thing of the past. The new Emperor, K'ang-Hsi, was only eight; he grew up to be as strong and as able an administrator as Hadrian, but the Chinese usually do things in a big way, and the early years of the reign were marked by an even bigger and better civil war, during which, in addition to the normal amount of slaughter, the great pottery and porcelain town of Ching-Té Chén was destroyed. Yet in spite of these thirty or forty years of massacre and destruction, Ching-Té Chén is rebuilt, its kilns restarted and—more astonishing still—immediately begins to produce porcelain of the quality of Fig. 1 and of a myriad other pieces which belong to the reign of K'ang-Hsi, ourselves, and indeed Europe, as a whole, trundling along behind. It is not that we had no ideas; we had not yet acquired the know-how. K'ang-Hsi died in 1722, leaving behind him a vast area of well-ordered peace, which was not destined to be broken for a century.

Meanwhile, how were we getting along in these islands and what sort of progress was being made on the Continent? Again perhaps the comparison is not quite fair, but I think it is not wholly unreasonable to illustrate Fig. 3 as typical of the standard of English pottery in 1722. This is of Lambeth Delft—that is, the tin-enamel ware so-called from the famous pottery at Delft, in Holland. The tankard is decorated in blue with a crowned portrait of Queen Anne, and is incised on the bottom "William Pollock 1722"—a patriotic memorial to the late Queen Anne, who died in 1714. Very rare, of course, and very good of its kind, but hardly up to Chinese standards. The pace was being set by Saxony, where the great factory at Meissen was founded in 1710 and—what was of epoch-making importance for all the West—the problem of making true hard-paste porcelain was solved. Here, in Fig. 4, is an early Meissen bowl decorated in enamel colours by, or from the designs of, the then

to find any one designer actually signing his work; one of the rare exceptions is Bustelli, who was responsible for those delightful Nymphenburg figures which have been much in the news lately—there are rare cases in which his initials F. B. were added to models designed by him. But if such marks are very rare, and individuals were discouraged from advertising themselves, the mark of the factory itself is usually present, either impressed or painted in



FIG. 3. TYPICAL OF THE STANDARD OF ENGLISH POTTERY IN 1722: A LAMBETH DELFT CYLINDRICAL TANKARD. (Height, 7½ ins.) This cylindrical tankard decorated in blue with a crowned bust of Queen Anne in medallion form "is very rare, of course, and very good of its kind, but hardly up to Chinese standards." (By courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Mo.)

English porcelain dish of the same period, for the sufficient reason that we didn't make porcelain for another sixty or seventy years, and then it was "soft paste," not true porcelain—the time-lag is very considerable. But there is more to it than that. You or I, were our pockets reasonably well-lined, would buy each of these dishes, but for somewhat different reasons. We should acquire the Chinese porcelain dish (Fig. 1) for the perfection of its potting, the subtlety of its colours—a deep black slightly tinged with green, the flowering plants in green, yellow and aubergine on a pale-green ground, the prunus branch in white, aubergine and yellow on a black ground—the whole forming a lovely, varied pattern. We should buy the English pottery dish (Fig. 2)—light yellow ground set off by shades of



FIG. 4. AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF EUROPEAN TRUE HARD-PASTE PORCELAIN: A MEISSEN BOWL DECORATED IN ENAMEL COLOURS BY, OR FROM THE DESIGNS OF, JOHANN GREGOR HEROLD. c. 1723.

"The great factory at Meissen was founded in 1710 and—what was of epoch-making importance for all the West—the problem of making true hard-paste porcelain was solved." Johann Gregor Herold was art-director of the factory. (By courtesy of Sotheby's.)

under-glaze blue—even so, a sufficient number have slipped through without any marks at all, so that collectors have plenty of opportunities for the exercise of their wits, in addition to the normal hazards of detecting later imitations.

NOTE TO IRISH READERS.

Recently, in a casual reference to the pictures left by Sir Hugh Lane to the National Gallery, I referred to the codicil to his will, in which he revoked the National Gallery bequest and left them to Dublin, as "unsigned" instead of "not witnessed." This slip on my part has brought a justified rebuke from Mr. Lennox Robinson. I apologise to Mr. Robinson in particular, and to all Irishmen in general.

A U.S. GALLERY ENTERS ITS THIRD DECADE: ANNIVERSARY ACQUISITIONS.



A SUMERIAN FIGURE OF A MAN FROM MARI, OLDEST WORK OF ART IN THE COLLECTION. STONE; FIRST HALF OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C. (Height, 14 ins.)



"LOUIS XIV. AS AN AUGUSTAN GENERAL, 1680"; BY FRANÇOIS GIRARDON (1628-1715), ONE OF KANSAS CITY MUSEUM'S ANNIVERSARY ACQUISITIONS. (Bronze. Height, 42½ ins., with plinth.)



"ILE DE FRANCE"; BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL (1861-1944), c. 1910. THE SCULPTOR'S OWN CAST. (Bronze. Height, 65½ ins.)



"DIANE DE LA VAUPALIERE, COMTESSE DE LANGERON"; BY JACQUES LOUIS DAVID (1748-1825), PROBABLY PAINTED C. 1790. (Oil on canvas; 50½ by 37½ ins.)



"AN ANGEL"; A ROMANESQUE TWELFTH-CENTURY SCULPTURE FROM WESTERN FRANCE. (Hard limestone: 23 by 17½ by 4½ ins.)



"AUGUSTUS THE STRONG, ELECTOR OF SAXONY AND KING OF POLAND" (1670-1733); BY NICOLAS DE LARGILLIERE (1656-1746). (Oil on canvas; 57½ by 45½ ins.)



"ST. SEBASTIAN NURSED BY ST. IRENE"; BY GEORGES DE LA TOUR (c. 1593-1652), A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF AN IMPORTANT SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST'S WORK. (Oil on canvas; 41½ by 54½ ins.)

THE William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Missouri, celebrated its twentieth anniversary at the end of 1953; and to mark the first year of the third decade, the Gallery acquired a notable collection of objects ranging in date from the Third Millennium B.C. to 1953, which were placed on view last spring. The many aspects of art represented by this group are illustrated by the photographs on this page; and it also includes a painting by Picasso, a portrait by Lawrence, and a Chinese bronze of the Shang Dynasty. The Sumerian sculpture comes from the



"LE LEVER"; BY PIETRO LONGHI (1702-1785), A CHARACTERISTIC GENRE PAINTING BY THE WELL-KNOWN VENETIAN ARTIST. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES JOSEPH FLIPPART. (Oil on canvas; 27½ by 23 ins.)

City of Mari, which was discovered and identified in 1933 on the Euphrates. It was one of the most important centres of Sumerian culture and enjoyed two periods of prosperity, one from c. 3000 B.C. to c. 2500 B.C., when it was destroyed. The second period of prosperity was during the early Second Millennium B.C., and it was finally destroyed c. 1760 B.C.

By courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week would be entirely given up to crime but for the first novel, which is concerned with fate. One might suppose they could be treated as allied subjects, with "The Malediction," by Jean Giono (Museum Press; 10s. 6d.), as an overture to the crime stories. But on the contrary: there is an absolute gulf. Fate, in this sense, is not for everyone. It is a heroic, terrifying disease; only the rarest people suffer from it, and those few are ejected by the herd, and torn to pieces if they try to get back. Not out of cruelty, but in a panic fear of contagion....

Thus there are two elements in a fate-drama: the sublime victims, and the untainted flock of little people. In this case, what the anonymous, rather elusive storyteller calls "our little town." He starts a long way from the Doom, and—if one only knew it—in the middle of things: with the arrival of the mysterious Monsieur Joseph. This newcomer is felt to require explanation. He lodges with a drunken cobbler and his wife, dresses with threadbare elegance, and shows up only at the café, for a game of bezique. And he owns the most beautiful damask table-linen....

We never learn who he was; nor is he seen again until "the night of the scandal," which is half-way through the book. But there it would have been awkward to hark back to him. Meanwhile, we have been made acquainted with the "little people"—and with the only personage who could enforce a stay of doom in the last act.

Then we proceed to Coste, the ancestor. He returned from Mexico in the '70's, and bought an estate known as the Moulin de Pologne. He had two daughters—well-dowered, sensationally beautiful. Among their suitors were the brothers de M. These two held all the normal cards; but Coste wanted to know, Had God forgotten them? Were they the kind of people to whom nothing happened from generation to generation? If not, they are ruled out. He, personally, is the other kind; he has already lost a wife and two sons, in separate and sensational accidents, and the girls seem to take after him. The only hope is to dilute their fate-content with mediocrity.... So they are paired with the de M.'s—who can be guaranteed mediocre for eight centuries. Coste meets his fate; Anais and Clara become happy mothers. But they are not losing the infection, they are passing it on—till the de M.'s are sodden with it; till, in the third descent, no one is left but crazy Julie. A heavenly child... until the other children got going. After the "friendship ball," she might have killed herself; but that is where Monsieur Joseph comes in. It is the longest remission yet....

Only, of course, it is not permanent. The end (where the narrator lets his cat out of the bag) has a peculiar charm; indeed, the whole dark satire-fantasy has charm.

OTHER FICTION.

In "Trial," by Don M. Mankiewicz (André Deutsch; 12s. 6d.), there is no crime but the trial. Angel Chavez, a Mexican boy of seventeen, has trespassed on the staircase to Village Beach. He has done nothing else—except fall in with Marie Wiltse, and fail to run away when she drops dead. She had a rheumatic heart, and might have dropped dead any time. Angel, however, is charged with "felony murder"—on the assumption that he was *intending* intercourse, which with a schoolgirl would be rape. He is "the dirty Mex who raped a white girl!"

And he will be defended by an academic tyro. David Blake has never practised his subject; but now the Dean says he must get "experience." Only the lawyers don't want him around—till he tries Barney Castle. And then, hey presto! he is to appear for Angel in court, while Barney travels east to raise funds. Angel already has a lawyer, from the Mexican Advancement Association; but Barney soon gets rid of him. As for the fund-raising campaign, it is bewildering, it stinks, but apparently they have no choice....

And so on: till he discovers, far too late, that Angel is being resolutely hanged by his own lawyer, as a theme for Communist propaganda. The Communists raked in the money, and have kept most of it. David was wanted as a "front"; and he has now to appear before the Battle Committee on Subversion and Disloyalty. Which serves him right—and I was only sorry he should get out of it. The love-affair and "happy ending" are remarkably tactless; but the story is full of a painful interest and suspense.

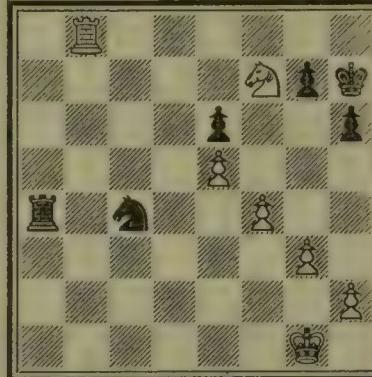
"The Corioli Affair," by Mary Deasy (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a Victorian romance, smaller but subtler. Lacey Dereen, the daughter of an Irish patriot-politician, has come to America on her father's death. At first, to live with a distant cousin in Corioli, who has a fancy-goods shop. But Norah doesn't really want her, and is about to marry again; so another cousin gets her a teaching post at Le Jeune. Her companion on the river-boat is Mrs. Jed Dayton, the captain's wife—an uneasy, childish little being, too bright and patently unloved. And at Le Jeune she is tormented ceaselessly by Sallie's overtures and suspicions, and by Jed's love, which she returns but won't give way to. Until events make it inevitable.... Then, at the very dawn of their happiness, he is arrested for wife-murder. The story drags a little after that; it has lost Sallie, its best character, as well as Norah and her ruffianly Conn, and the whole social setting. But the first part is admirable.

"The Man in the Middle," by David Waggoner (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is about a frail, timid, solitary railwayman who gets involved with a gang of thugs. Simply by trying to help an unknown woman. She had been knocked off a train, spilling a lot of documents out of her brief-case; and Charlie steered her to a telephone. Then the "stocky man" caught them up.... And now an innocent is on the run—though he can't run; he had both legs broken years ago by a freight-car. Yet he keeps going, dodging the stocky man, dodging the police (for Lily's body has been found in his shack). Running without a goal, with no idea whom to approach or how, finally (though he doesn't know it) without cause. Charlie's unmeaning ordeal, his drift out of reality, is exploited to the last gasp. Rather unfair perhaps; but a real work of imagination.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

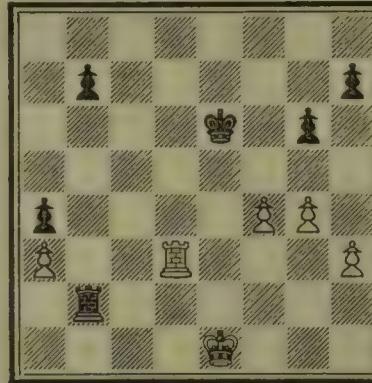
THE truism that end-game play is of paramount importance in tournament chess has been repeatedly exemplified in the British Championship, in full swing as I write. In the second round Purdy (the young Australian champion; White) reached this position against Dr. (of Philosophy) J. M. Aitken, the experienced Scottish champion:



Incredible as it may seem, Purdy lost. Clearly he thought the game might win itself; but he allowed Aitken to enmesh his king in a mating net, and to avoid mate he had to part with the exchange, then pawns, then his knight. Note that 51. P-Kt4ch is sheer desperation; 51. R-Rx, to prevent 51... R-K8 mate, would merely allow 51... Kt x KtPch; 52. K-Ktr, R-KKt7 mate instead.

PURDY	AITKEN	PURDY	AITKEN
40.	R-R3	51. P-Kt4ch	Kt-Kt8ch
41. R-QB8	Kt-K8	52. R x Ktch	K x R
42. Kt-Q6	R-R7	53. Kt-B5ch	K x BP
43. R-K8	R-Kt7ch	54. Kt x KtP	R x P
44. K-R1	R-KB7	55. P-K5	K-Kt8
45. P-R4	K-Kt3	56. Kt-R5ch	K x P
46. R x Pch	K-R4	57. Kt-B4	K-Kt8
47. Kt-K4	R-K7	58. Kt-Kt2	R-K7
48. R-R6	K-Kt5	59. P-Kt8	R x Kt
49. R-R3	Kt-B4	60. P-K7	K-B7
50. Kt-Q6	K-R6!	White resigns	

Such an experience might well be enough to demoralise any nineteen-year-old (indeed, that pathetically delayed resignation rather suggests demoralisation—or was Purdy hoping for 60... K-R6? 61. P-Kt8 queens, R x Q stalemate?) Yet he showed the stuff he is made of by beating the Yorkshire champion, only two rounds later, in no less stubborn an ending:



White	Black	White	Black
HAYGARTH	PURDY	HAYGARTH	PURDY
46.	R-Kt6	47. K-Q2	

After 47. R x R, P x R, whilst White's king was disposing of the passed pawns, Black's king would play havoc with White's pawns on the other side.

47. P-KR4! 50. K-K3 P-R5!

48. K-B2 R x R 51. K-Q8 P-QKt4

49. K x R K-Q4 White resigns

For if 52. K-B3 52. K-K3, P-Kt 5 is simpler than 52... K-K5 and Black queens in seven moves to White's nine. See it?

about the gallant exploits of so gallant a woman.

A delightful little book in a lighter vein is "Art Buchwald's Paris," by Art Buchwald (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Buchwald is an American who fell in love, as so many Americans do, with the French capital. He writes astutely, and with a perceptive eye, and now and again his sense of comedy is gorgeously funny. One of the most pleasing and useful parts of the book is that devoted to restaurants. It made my mouth water to read of some of the specialities which Mr. Buchwald has discovered.

Like so many others of his readers, I always look forward with pleasure to my colleague, Mr. J. C. Trewin's "Plays of the Year." The latest batch is Volume II (Elek Books; 18s.). This volume contains an unusually rich selection, including Miles Malleson's admirable versions of "The Misanthrope" and "Sganarelle." "Simon and Laura," too, needs no recommendation, and the same, of course, can be said about "The Party Spirit"—as good a political pastiche as I have read for many a year.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SCHWEITZER; AN IRISH HEROINE; PARIS; NEW PLAYS.

"Of courtesy," wrote Hilaire Belloc in one of the most charming of his shorter poems,

it is much less

Than courage of heart or holiness.

Yet in my walks it seems to me

That the grace of God is in courtesy.

I suppose another way of describing courtesy would be to say that it is a natural love of one's neighbour, and just as the sin of pride is rightly accounted the first and the worst of the seven deadly sins (for all others directly or indirectly spring from it), so courtesy and a desire to help one's fellow human beings must surely be the mark of essential goodness in a human being. I am prompted to these reflections by a remarkable new book on that wonderful

and essentially good man, Dr. Albert Schweitzer. This book, which consists mainly of a fine collection of photographs, is called "The World of Albert Schweitzer" (A. and C. Black; 25s.). Erica Anderson, who has spent a large part of the last four years in the Schweitzer hospital in French Equatorial Africa and at his home in Alsace, is responsible for the photographs, while the text and captions were produced by Eugene Exman. Dr. Schweitzer's fame is justly now world-renowned, but the secret of his greatness is one which the modern world finds it difficult to comprehend. It lies in his essential simplicity and humility. The young man who seemed destined primarily to become a great musician, to the dismay of his family and friends decided on his thirtieth birthday to study medicine and go to Africa to practise as a physician and surgeon. It was in Africa that he found the ethic for which as a theological student he had been groping. As he describes it: "Late on the third day, at the very moment when, at sunset, we were making our way through a herd of hippopotamuses, there flashed upon my mind, unforeseen and unsought, the phrase, 'Reverence for Life.' The iron door had yielded: the path in the thicket had become visible." The phrase "Reverence for Life" is an inadequate English translation of Dr. Schweitzer's native German "Ehrfurcht vor dem Leben." Translated into English it fails to convey the sense of awe which is an essential content of the original German. Dr. Schweitzer's "Reverence for Life" (I still prefer to call it his "courtesy") has made him one of the most beloved Europeans in Africa. In this book, with its photographs, some of which are not for the squeamish, which evoke the very feel of Equatorial Africa, the nobility of the man and the greatness of his work are admirably portrayed. And it is not merely to human beings that Dr. Schweitzer's love goes out. Birds and animals turn instinctively to this modern St. Francis, who describes how, as a small boy, he used to add to his evening prayers one he had composed himself, and which ran: "Oh, Heavenly Father, protect and bless all things that have breath; guard them from all evil and let them sleep in peace." Schweitzer the philosopher, Schweitzer the musician, Schweitzer the theologian, Schweitzer the doctor—all these aspects of this great man are brought to us through the medium of this splendid book.

Another fine story is "Monica Wichfeld," by Varinka Wichfeld Muus and Flemming Muus (Arco; 12s. 6d.). Monica Wichfeld was born a Massey-Beresford, and therefore came of the aristocratic Irish family of which Lord Dunleath is the head. She married a Danish diplomat, and became passionately devoted to her husband's country. At the same time, as became the daughter of one of Carson's closest associates in the running of arms into Ulster in the Irish crisis before World War I, she remained an ardent British patriot. When Germany invaded Denmark she was in Italy with her children, but returned to Denmark via Berlin (the description of a British raid on the German capital is one of the most vivid passages in the book) and settled down in the country. Her hatred of the Germans was almost pathological, and led her in due course to become one of the staunchest and most daring members of the Resistance movement. In the end, the inevitable happened and she was arrested and condemned to death. However, not for nothing was she an Irishwoman, and her closely reasoned plea for a revision of the sentence displayed the splendid litigiousness of her race. As a result, the sentence was commuted to one of life imprisonment which, in view of the fact that the war was obviously drawing to its close, should have been the equivalent to her release. In actual fact, however, she was sent to a notorious prison camp at Kottbus, where the hardships to which she was exposed resulted in her getting pneumonia and dying. After the war, her memory was honoured in both countries, and this account of her activities by her son-in-law, Mr. Muus (who was awarded the British D.S.O. for his own part in the Resistance movement), is exciting and moving. If I have a criticism, it is that the description of Mrs. Wichfeld's wartime activities occupies such a comparatively small part of the book, and one cannot help feeling that some of the extracts from pre-war court circulars and the like might well have been omitted in favour of more information

about the gallant exploits of so gallant a woman.

A delightful little book in a lighter vein is "Art Buchwald's Paris," by Art Buchwald (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Buchwald is an American who fell in love, as so many Americans do, with the French capital. He writes astutely, and with a perceptive eye, and now and again his sense of comedy is gorgeously funny. One of the most pleasing and useful parts of the book is that devoted to restaurants. It made my mouth water to read of some of the specialities which Mr. Buchwald has discovered.

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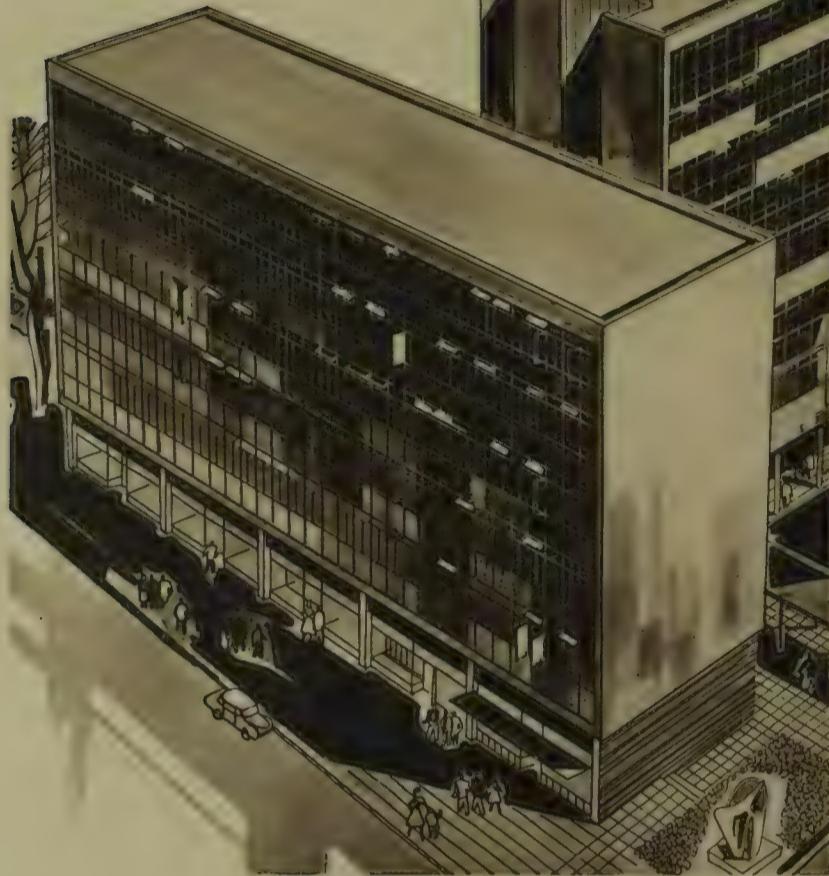
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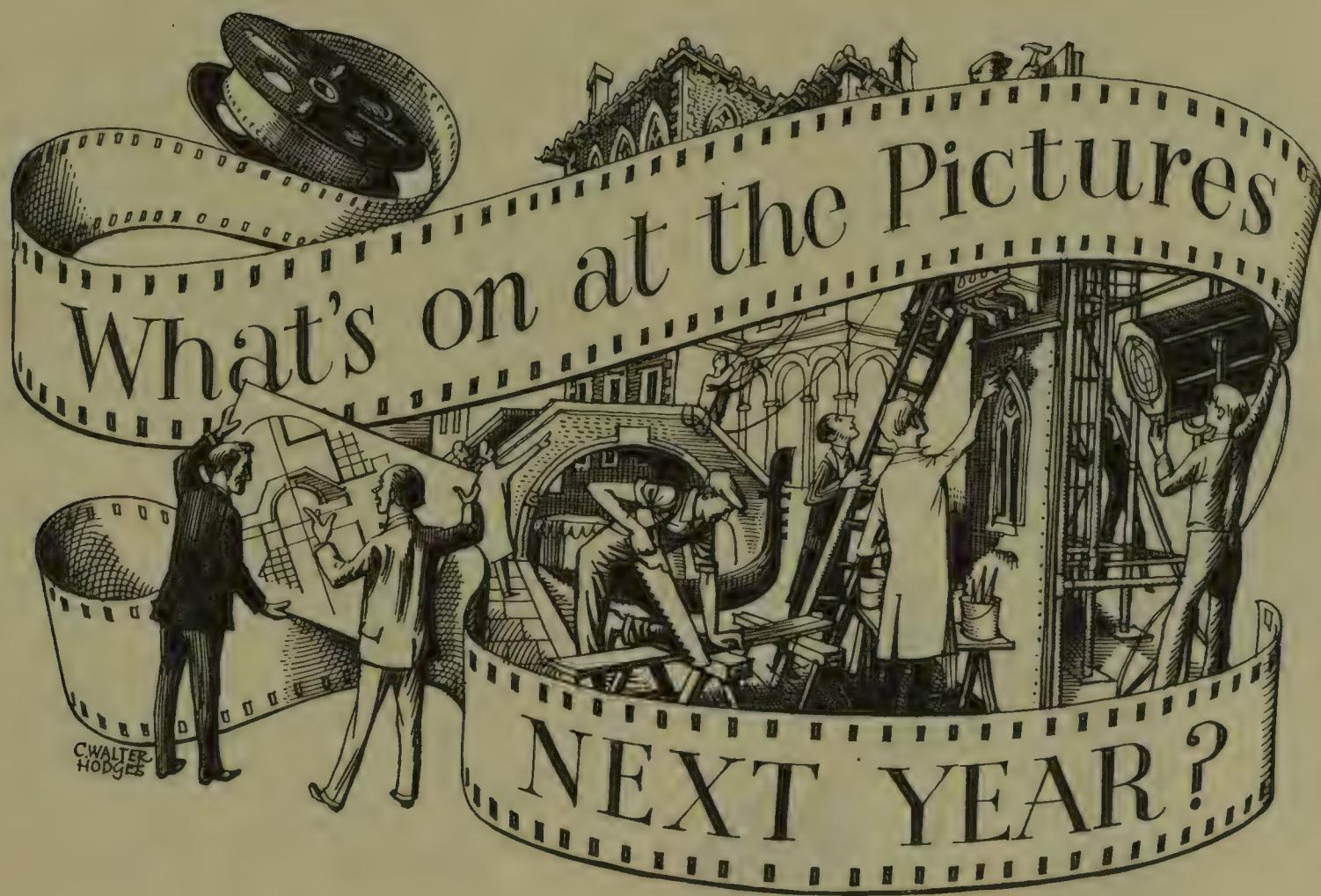


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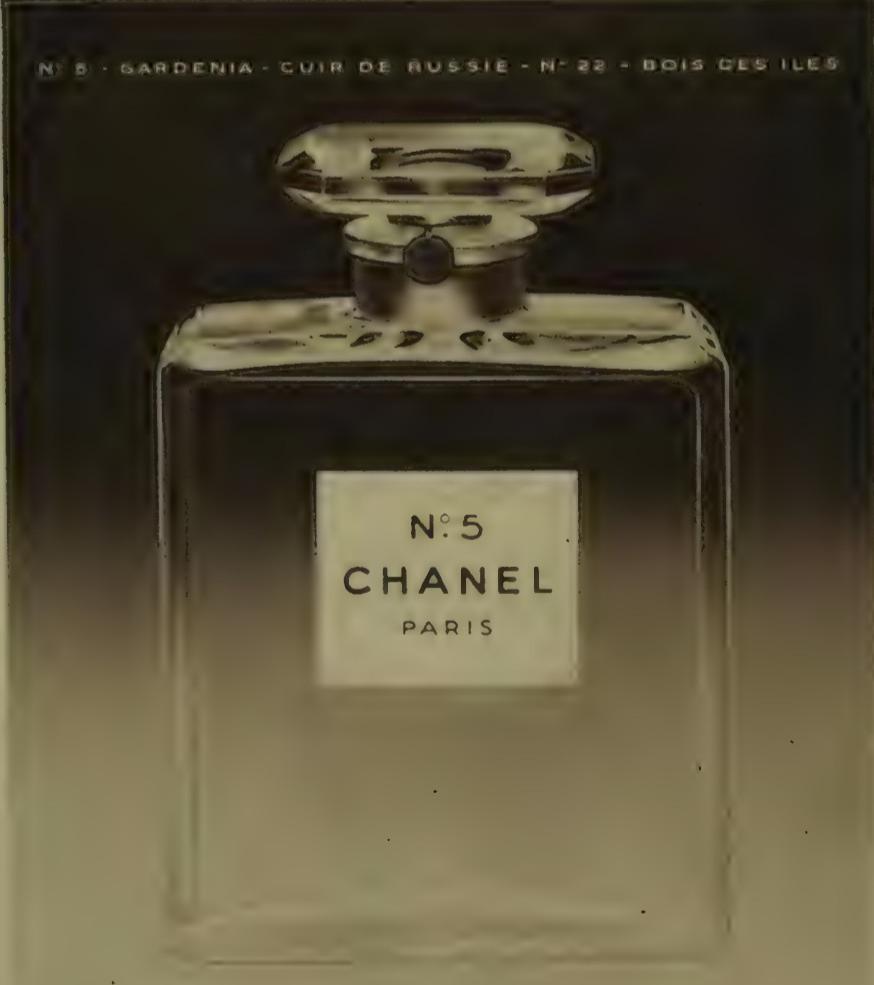
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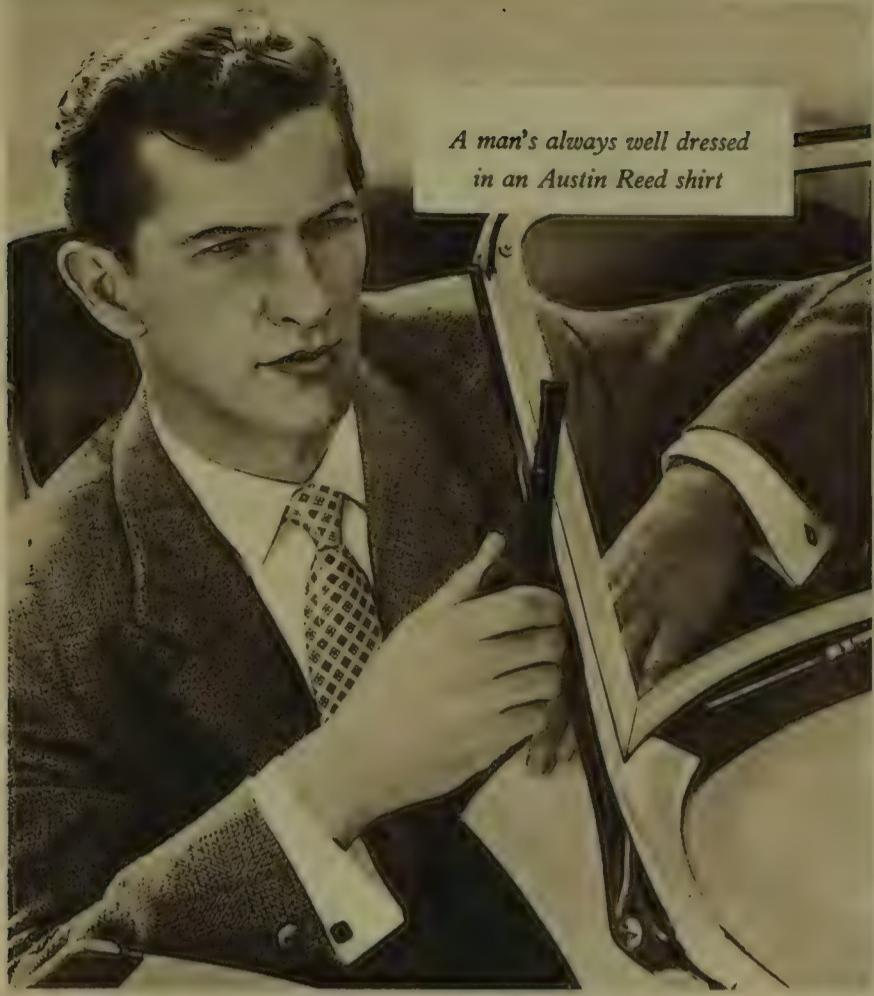
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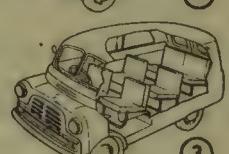
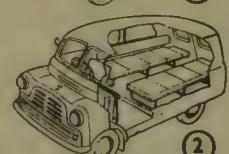
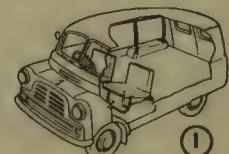
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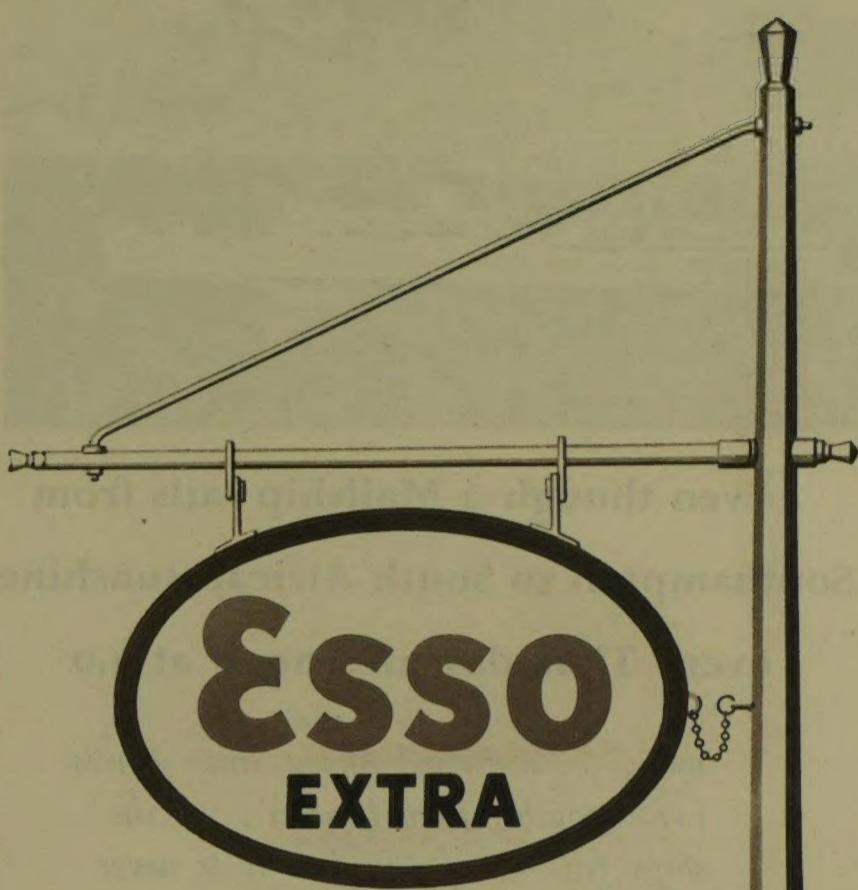
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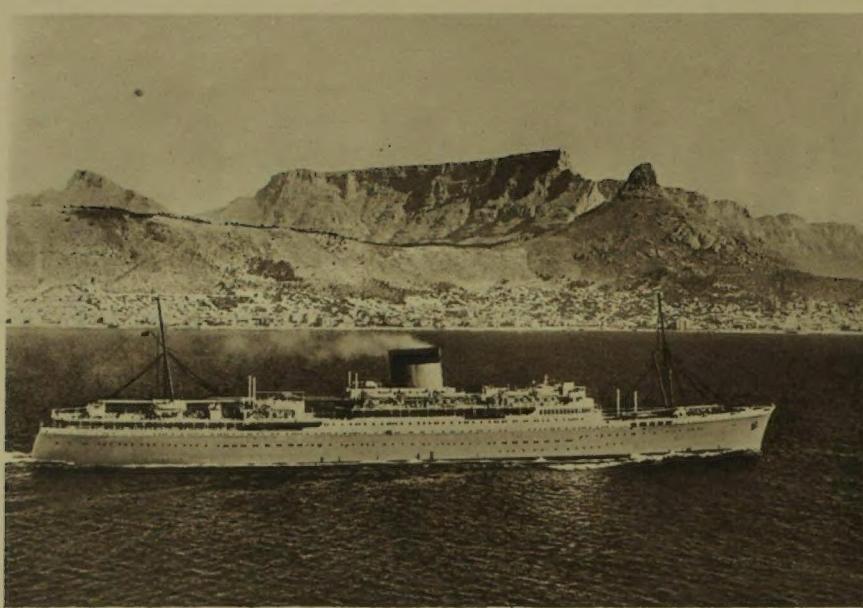
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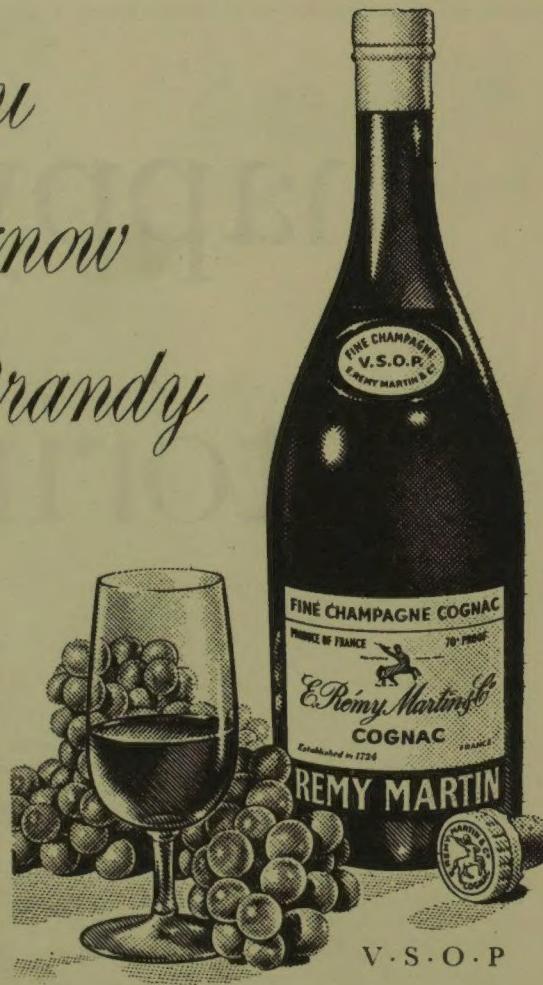
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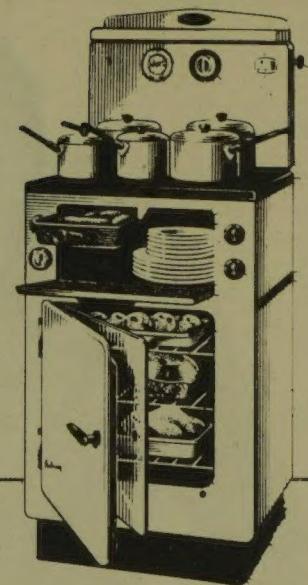
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*Shell Nature Studies*EDITED BY
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SEPTEMBER flyway



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.

COASTING DOWN SCOTLAND'S CHAIN OF NORTHERN ISLANDS and East Highland shores comes an autumn rush of migrants, many driven across the North Sea by the prevailing easterly winds. Hatched this year in Lapland, a juvenile red-spotted bluethroat (1) crouches in the shelter of the brambles; also from Scandinavia comes a member of the 'white' or continental race of the pied wagtail (2) and that big, noisy thrush, the fieldfare (3). The snow-buntings (4) may have come from Iceland, the Lapland bunting (5) from Greenland. On passage to the warm Mediterranean and Africa are our familiar willow- and garden-warblers (6, 7), and the rare barred warbler (8) from Western Siberia, most frequent in Britain in the north isles at migration-time. Refuelling on the oat-stook is an Africa-bound turtle-dove (9); above it hawks a red-backed shrike (10). Often in September the common heron (11) wanders north from its breeding-grounds. The herring-gulls (12), residents throughout the year and always opportunists, glean among the stubbles.



Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd., 38 William IV Street, W.C.2, at 6/6.

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